

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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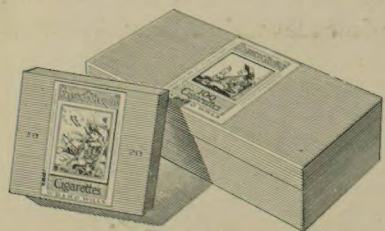
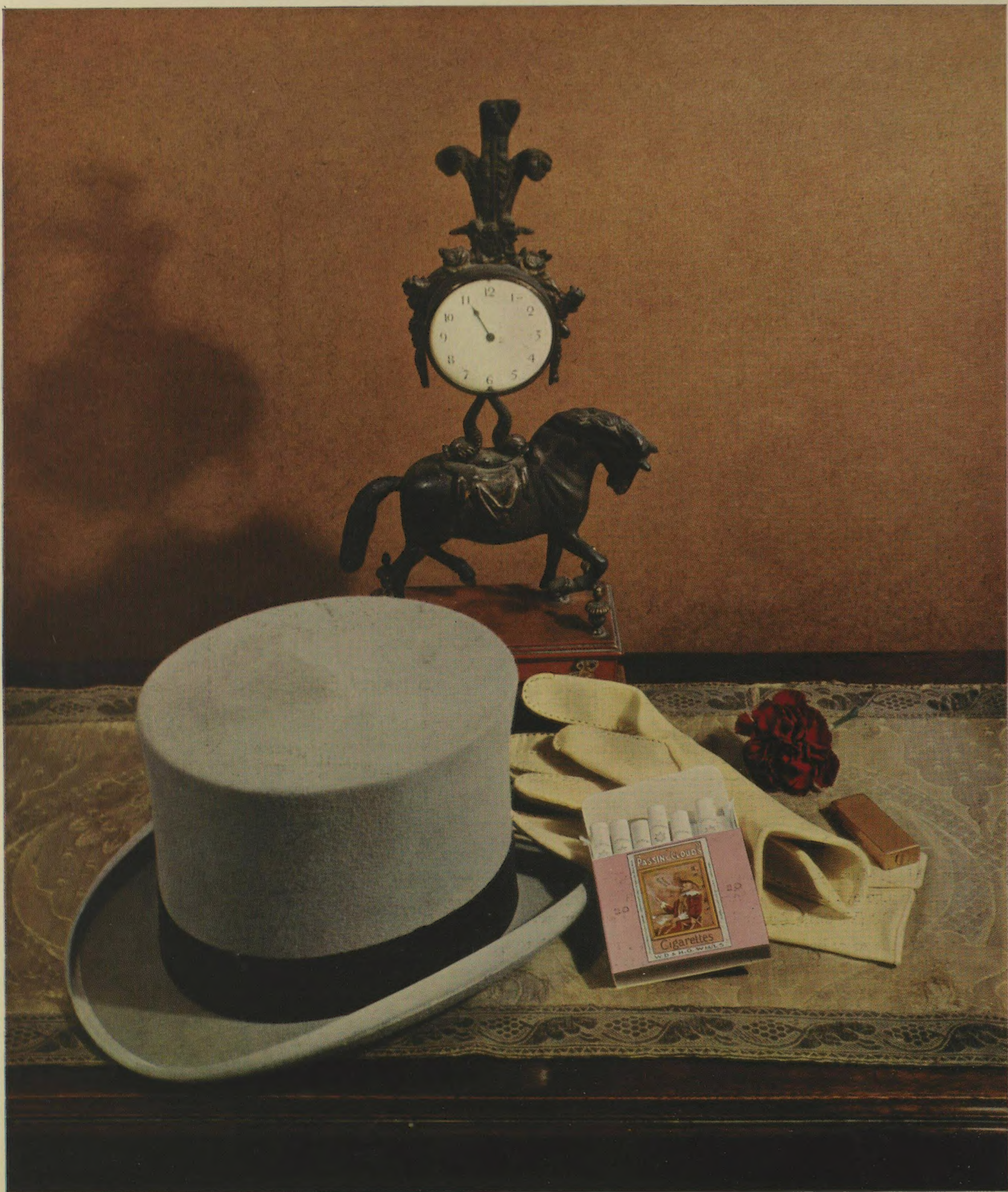
**STATE EXPRESS**

**555**

Cigarettes







20 for 4s. 6d.  
100 for 22s. 6d.

Made by W. D. & H. O. Wills

## PASSING CLOUDS

... not a cigarette you get offered in everybody's house, by any means; but how gratifying when you are! For Passing Clouds, ever since 1874, have been made for people who prefer a Virginian-flavoured cigarette, but who demand of it distinction, an oval shape, and—of course—superb quality.



# ONE MAN "BRAINS TRUST" AT WORK



M. J. MURPHY, Chief Radio Officer aboard the P & O ship, STRATHNAVER

THIS is M. J. Murphy. Ask him a question—any question. What won the 3.30 at Flemington, Melbourne? While he's picking that up on 3 DB (Victoria, Australia) let's think of some more.

What was the score before tea at Lord's? Can I get through to Gibraltar from here? Will it be sunny tomorrow? Is it true you can see through a fog? What time will it be in Sydney? How deep is the ocean? Mr. Murphy can tell you. Moreover, he can send your telegrams... bring you the news... soothe you with music... watch over you.

What is this man? He's an electronic expert... mechanic... direction finder... telegraphist... news editor... and a weatherman with two excellent awards from the Meteorological Office for prompt and accurate transmission of weather reports. His three assistants keep a 24 hour watch; he rises at 5.00 A.M. and retires about midnight—if he can. *Who is he?* He is M. J. Murphy, Chief Radio Officer aboard the P & O Ship, STRATHNAVER... a one man "brains trust" of 41 years experience at sea... a vital link between ship and shore. And P & O is a vital link in the Commonwealth lifeline.

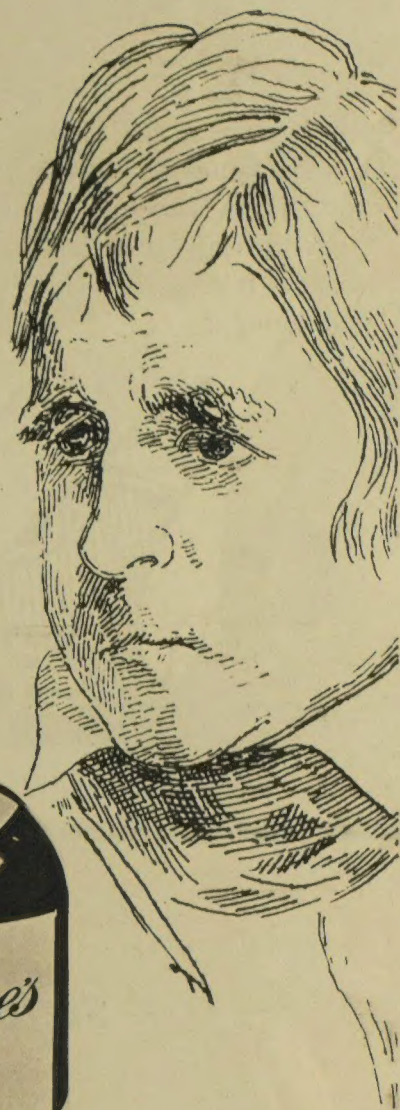
Operating from 122 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3.  
The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company links Britain and Britons with the Mediterranean, Egypt, Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Australia, Malaya and the Far East.

**P & O**

A COMMONWEALTH LIFELINE

Sir Walter Scott 1771-1832 (Novelist and Poet)

"A MAN OF DISTINCTION"



## It's a question of character....

THE CHARACTER of a good Scotch is hard to define. It is a subtle compound of strength and gentleness, smoothness and warmth. These qualities are lent to it by the individual whiskies which go to its making.

In Ballantine's, forty-two whiskies are blended—all different but all adding an indefinable shade to its final character.

This character of Ballantine's does not change. It is preserved not only by the traditional skills of those who blend and distil it, but by the scientists whose task it is to supplement and safeguard these skills.

Such care is amply repaid. All over the world men recognise the character of their favourite whisky, Ballantine's, the superb Scotch.

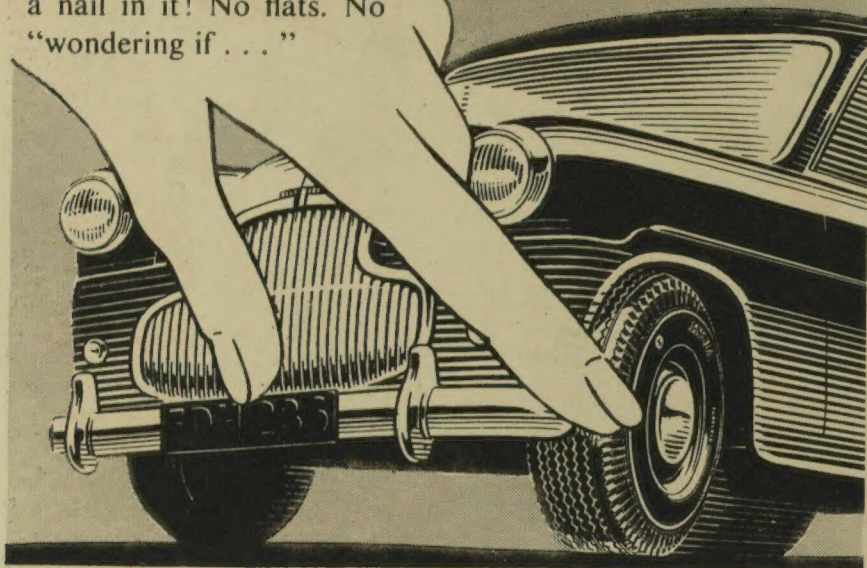
*Ballantine's*

THE SUPERB SCOTCH

GEORGE BALLANTINE & SON LTD., DUMBARTON, SCOTLAND. DISTILLERS AT FORRES, ELGIN, BRECHIN, DUMBARTON



Here is where a "flat" can endanger your steering. But your INDIA Tubeless tyre stands up firmly—even with a nail in it! No flats. No "wondering if . . ."



—for safety's sake,

**fit**

**INDIA**

**tubeless**

**on the**

**front**

\*Of course, it's best to fit India Tubeless all round—they're the same price as tyres-with-tubes—but at least fit them on the front and drive with new confidence.

## A Highland treasure



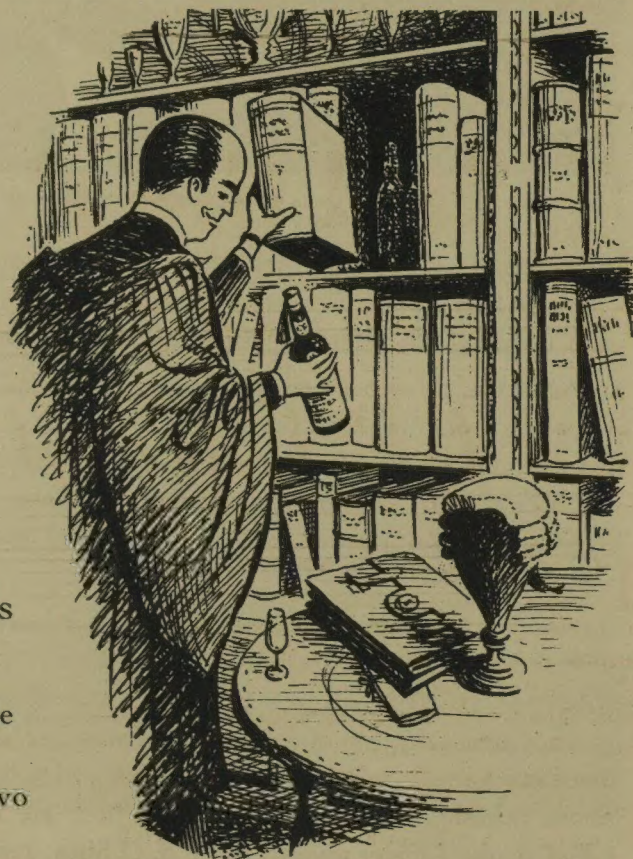
... a world of pleasure

**VAT 69** *Finest Scotch Whisky*



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To Her Majesty  
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"The contents of a gentleman's cellar should include at least a bottle or two of

**Heavenly Cream Sherry"**



It was in 1821 that Mr. John William Burdon first laid down the soleras from which sherry was regularly supplied to the Spanish Royal Household and from which now comes Heavenly Cream, a sherry "so well conceived as to be the master of all others".

"The Sherry with the tassel"

Bottles 27/6: Half-bottles 14/3

Shipped by Coleman and Co. Ltd. Norwich





# End the dangerous 5 minutes

*and get 80% less engine wear with*

## *BP Energol 'Visco-static' Motor Oil*

THE FIRST 5-10 minutes after starting from cold is when your engine wears out fastest of all. As much as 60 times faster than on normal running. The reason is that conventional oils are too thick to flow freely when cold. They don't begin to circulate and do their job until your engine is warmed up.

But there is an oil you can buy today which ends this danger completely. Its name is BP Energol 'Visco-static' and it protects your engine from the moment you touch the starter button. This is why BP Energol 'Visco-static' gives the remarkable test results of 80% less wear on cylinder bores and piston rings.

The striking difference between BP Energol 'Visco-static' and conventional oils is that its thickness varies far less between hot and cold. Even when you start up in very cold weather

this oil flows freely so that all vital parts get immediate lubrication. Yet even at full engine heat it has ample body to protect your engine.

BP Energol 'Visco-static' is a multigrade oil covering the range from SAE 10W to SAE 40. It suits all four-stroke engines in good condition and is for all-the-year-round use.

### Up to 12% less petrol

With BP Energol 'Visco-static' you save petrol too because there's less oil drag. On start and stop running your saving can be up to 12%. Even on longer journeys you can save up to 5%. And there's the extra benefit of easier starting.

BP Energol 'Visco-static' is obtainable at garages where you see the BP Shield, in pint, quart and 1 gallon sealed containers.

### Do's and Don'ts for BP Energol 'Visco-static'

Don't mix it with other oils.

Drain and refill with BP Energol 'Visco-static'. If you have been using a non-detergent oil run 500 miles, then drain and refill again.

Don't change to BP Energol 'Visco-static' if your engine needs an overhaul. In such cases continue to use the normal grades of BP Energol until it has been overhauled.

### Engine much livelier, writes motorist

"With BP Energol 'Visco-static' in the sump my 1½ litre Jaguar starts as easily after standing out in winter as in summer weather. The engine is much livelier on the oil than it was before."

S. R. Wilson, Gt. Yarmouth.

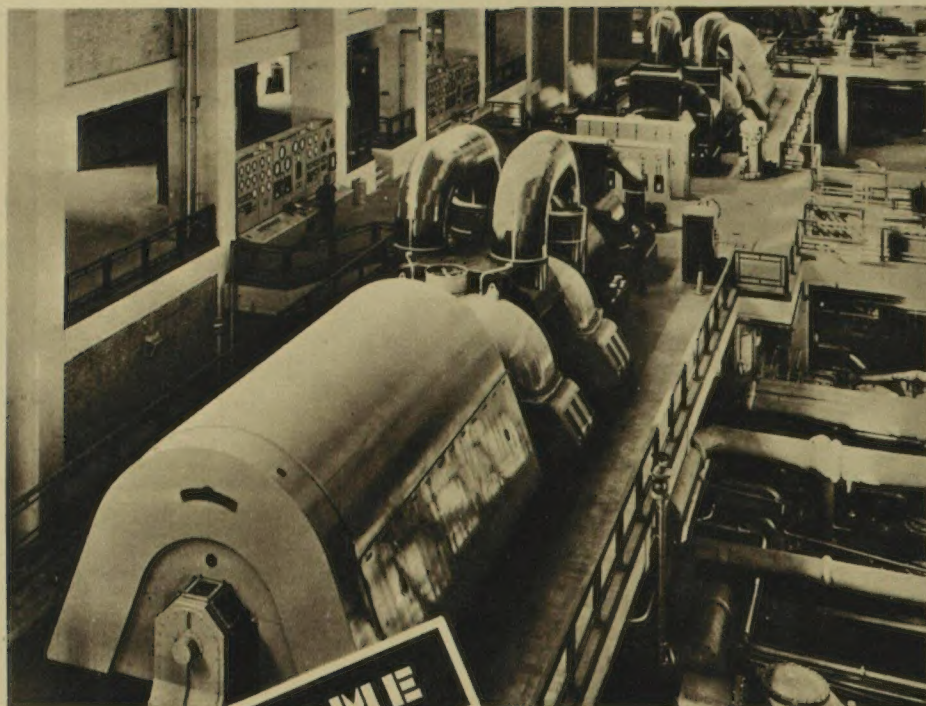
Going Abroad? BP Energol 'Visco-static' motor oil is available in all countries of Western Europe except Spain



THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED

'Visco-static' is a trade-mark of The British Petroleum Company Limited

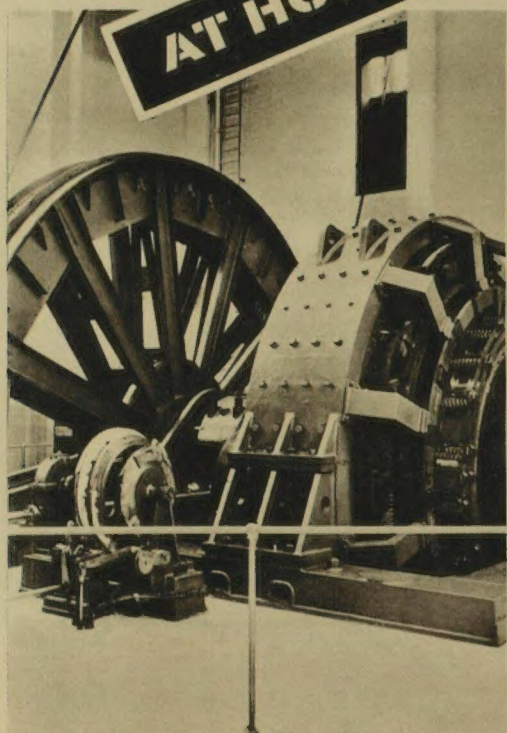




**AT HOME**

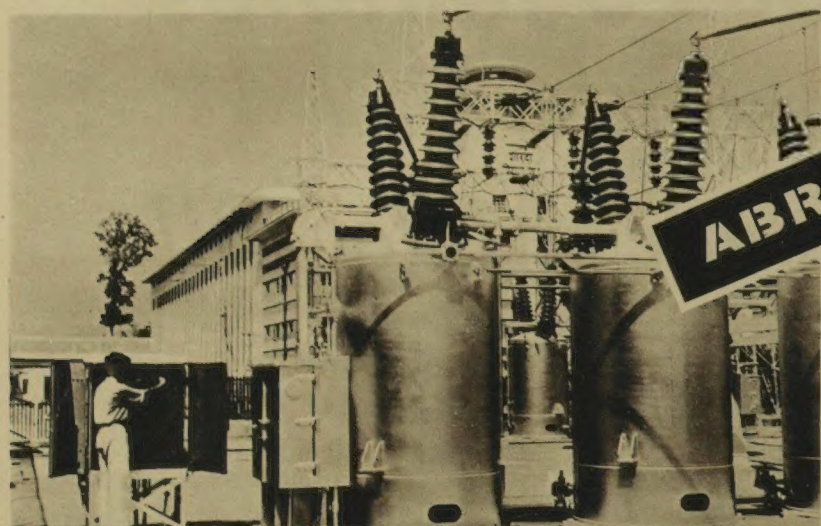
#### Power for industry (Above)

By supplying plant for many of the new power stations, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing its part in the Central Electricity Authority's vast expansion programme. The picture shows three of the four 60,000-kW ENGLISH ELECTRIC steam turbo-alternator sets installed in the Drakelow 'A' Power Station, near Burton-on-Trent—the first complete British power station to operate at the advanced steam conditions of 1,500 p.s.i.g., 1,050 F.



#### Power in the mines (Left)

Modernization of the mines means more electrical installations in all branches of the industry. At the National Coal Board's Snowdown Colliery in Kent this 2,480-h.p. ENGLISH ELECTRIC winder motor is direct coupled to the 23-ft. diameter Koepe wheel on the left.



Overseas markets account for about half the work of the ENGLISH ELECTRIC Group. This picture shows one of five ENGLISH ELECTRIC 132-kV oil circuit-breakers in the switching station at Khatima Power Station, Uttar Pradesh, India. The whole of the hydro-electric plant and equipment for this power station was supplied by ENGLISH ELECTRIC.

**To Young Men and Their Parents.** To any boy or young man considering a career in science or engineering, ENGLISH ELECTRIC offers almost unlimited opportunities—first-class training, and a choice of rewarding jobs at home or abroad. For details, please write to Mr. G. S. Bosworth, Central Personnel Department F.5.

# A TWOFOLD JOB...

## How The English Electric Company is working for Britain at home and abroad

Britain is busy now, more prosperous than for decades past. Full employment, active industries, advances in science and technology, plenty of opportunities both for firms and for individuals... this is progress to be proud of. The challenge—the need—is to maintain it.

All depends on production—and exports.

From 1949 to 1955, our total industrial output rose by 27%, and the value of our vital exports by 58%. But still higher production, still more export activity, are needed to ensure *still better living for Britain*. In both these ways, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing its full part.

At home, this company helps to supply the generators, transformers, switchgear and other plant needed for Britain's expanding power generation programme; it also makes the electrical equipment by which our industries use this energy for production—production not only for home demand but for developing export markets.

In addition it is itself a vigorous and successful exporter; *about half the Group's business is overseas*, earning foreign currency for Britain.

With the world-wide experience of its engineers and technicians, backed by great manufacturing resources and advanced research, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is hard at work, making an important *twofold* contribution to Britain's economic progress.



**Water-power for Spain.** Looking down the spillway on the dam at the Salime Power Station, Spain. The power house itself lies beneath this spillway, and contains four 32,000-kW water-turbine generating sets which, together with transformers and the switchgear seen on the left, were supplied under a comprehensive contract by ENGLISH ELECTRIC.

# ENGLISH ELECTRIC



bringing you better living

The English Electric Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Partners in progress with NAPIER, MARCONI'S, VULCAN FOUNDRY and ROBERT STEPHENSON & HAWTHORNS in The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Group



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1956.



AT SOUTHAMPTON : CADETS FROM THE KETCH MOYANA LEADING A PARADE THROUGH THE STREETS ON JULY 31.

On July 31 the fifteen cadets from the ketch *Moyana*, which had to be abandoned off The Lizard during the gale on July 29, marched through the streets of Southampton with others from the Southampton University School of Navigation, which had entered the 103-ton ketch in the international sail-training ocean race from Torbay to Lisbon. At the civic reception which was given to *Moyana*'s crew, the Mayor, Alderman Mrs. K. E. Cawte,

was shown the trophy awarded to *Moyana* for winning the Torbay to Lisbon race. At the luncheon the Mayor announced that £327 had, at that time, been contributed towards her fund for replacing the ketch. In this issue we reproduce a drawing by our Special Artist, Mr. C. E. Turner, showing the *Clan Maclean* going to the assistance of the stricken *Moyana*, together with an eye-witness account of the rescue of her crew.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THERE is nothing in life, said the Duke of Wellington, like a clear definition, and, though there are times—probably most times—when a little obscurity about a nation's intentions is politic, there are others when that clear definition becomes essential if fatal misunderstanding is to be avoided. Such a moment arose, one can see now in retrospect, and as a few far-sighted men, like Sir Winston Churchill and the late Ralph Wigram of the Foreign Office, saw at the time, when Nazi Germany, still unprepared for aggressive war, tore up the Locarno Treaty and remilitarised the Rhineland in the spring of 1936. It was a vital interest to this country and to all the democratic nations of Western Europe that Germany should not be able to use her dominating central strategic position to overrun France and the Low Countries as she had done in 1914, and to undo the consequences of which Britain and her Commonwealth had made such terrible sacrifices in the four years that followed. There was only one way of preventing a repetition of 1914 and of averting the waste of those sacrifices—to keep Germany's western frontier demilitarised. For so long as it remained so, Germany could not destroy the nations of Central and Central-Eastern Europe, and so re-create the situation that had existed between 1871 and 1914 and that had ended in the greatest tragedy of European history since the fall of Rome. If a second German War was to be averted, we had at that moment to threaten force and, if our threat was ignored, to use it. Hitler knew this and was prepared to take the risk, and his gamble came off. So as a result, did the Second World War. After that fatal hesitation, nothing could have averted it, whether it had come in 1938, when we should have been defeated, or in 1942, as Hitler had originally intended, or in 1939. Neither the British Government, Opposition or people, nor the British Commonwealth were prepared to threaten the use of, or to resort to, force, and war therefore became inevitable. As M. Flandin, the French Foreign Minister, said during his visit to England at the time:

The whole world, and especially the small nations, to-day turn their eyes towards England. If England will act now she can lead Europe. You will have a policy, all the world will follow you, and thus you will prevent war. It is your last chance. If you do not stop Germany now, all is over. France cannot guarantee Czechoslovakia any more because that will become geographically impossible. If you do not maintain the Treaty of Locarno, all that will remain to you is to await a rearmament by Germany, against which France can do nothing. If you do not stop Germany by force to-day, war is inevitable, even if you make a temporary friendship with Germany.\*

The same situation faces us, I believe, in the Middle East at the present time. We have reached, or are about to reach, the point of clear definition and decision—the point of no return. We must either make our stand now, when firm and prompt action can still preserve an interest vital to our existence without precipitating the disaster of another world war, or we can let matters take their course, as we did in 1936, with the same, I fear, inevitable and dreadful consequence. For it is no use our saying of the Suez Canal, as we said of the Rhineland, "It is none of our business," maintaining that we cannot use force to prevent another nation from exercising sovereignty in its own house. This would be a just and reasonable attitude if the exercise of such sovereignty did not strike at our very existence. The point is that it does, just as Hitler's reoccupation of the Rhineland did. Whether it was wise or not—and personally I have always had my doubts—we committed ourselves thirty or forty years ago to tying up our national economy with the oil-wells of the Middle East and with the transportation of oil from them to this country. If we had invested the money and effort we have put into the hazardous speculation in developing the coal resources

of our own and the oil resources of our own Commonwealth and Empire, we might be in a less precarious position to-day. It is, however, no use crying over spilt milk—or oil; we have made our bed and, until we can make another, must lie on it. Until the day comes when we can provide our own atomic or other power for our factories, farms, defence forces and transport system, we have got to obtain oil from the Middle East and transport it through the Suez Canal. If we leave the Egyptian military dictator or any other Middle East potentate or demagogue in any doubt at this crucial moment as to the supreme importance to us of the Suez Canal and the oil-wells beyond it—into both of which we have put so much of our economic effort—we shall find ourselves, in a year or two's time, compelled to make the point clear under conditions which will precipitate war as surely as our guarantee to Poland did in 1939. However devoted we may be as a nation to the cause of world peace, however ready to abdicate our "imperial" position in order to ensure peace, we have either got to safeguard our oil imports or suffer an economic disaster that would not merely destroy our

Welfare State but would involve the starvation of millions of our people. The "redundancy" of a few thousand car-workers, which has so alarmed and angered British organised Labour, would seem a trivial matter indeed compared with the calamity which would befall our working population if our oil-fuel supplies ceased to reach us. An exercise by Colonel Nasser of so-called "sovereignty" in his own country could inflict on millions of British men and women untold suffering—far more suffering than could be caused to the Egyptian people by the guarding of the Canal by British troops, sailors and airmen. It is time that this was made clear both to the rulers of Egypt and the electors of this country. Otherwise, it will still have to be made clear later—and too late.

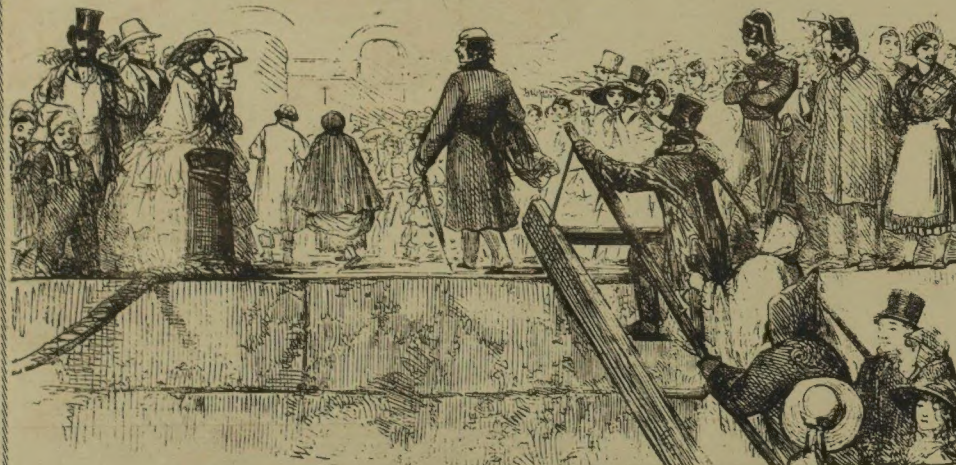
This is not to say that I do not sympathise with Egypt's position. I believe Colonel Nasser to be a man genuinely seeking to improve the lot of his own people—for centuries one of the worst governed and, therefore, least favoured races on earth. Anyone who has been to Egypt knows how much their condition needs improving, and it seems to me a human tragedy that the Aswan Dam cannot be built in order to raise the living standards of the Egyptian people. It is to everyone's interest that it should be raised. But the Suez Canal is at the present time almost as vital to the life of the people of this overcrowded island as the Nile is to the people of Egypt. Deny us the use of its waters for our ships for any length of time and we starve. It is, therefore, the duty of any British Government to ensure by every means within its power that the passage of the Canal remains inviolate. No nation which by an act of "sovereignty" threatens the economic existence of another

nation can expect that nation to remain passive. The world no longer consists of self-contained nations whose Governments can act *in vacuo* regardless of the consequences of their actions on the peoples of other nations. The time has come to reconsider the whole question of national sovereignty. There are geographical areas so essential to the interest of all mankind that no one nation can safely be allowed to control them. The next step in human political evolution, I believe, is that the nations of the world should agree to exercise a common trusteeship over them and to employ a common force to guard them in the interests of all. Among such areas at the present time would appear to be the two great international canals that join the Atlantic to the Pacific and the Mediterranean to the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, and the Straits that divide the Mediterranean from the Atlantic. We ought to be ready to join with others at whatever sacrifice of nominal sovereignty—both with the countries that lie on either side of them and the maritime and trading countries that use and depend on them—to ensure their use for mankind as a whole.

#### A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: REPRODUCTIONS AND A QUOTATION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF AUGUST 2, 1856.



THE SEASIDE—DRAWN BY H. K. BROWN ("PHIZ").



LANDING AT BOULOGNE—DRAWN BY G. THOMAS.

These two drawings illustrate how the Englishman spent his holidays 100 years ago. They were accompanied by an article entitled "Boulogne-sur-Mer," which opens with the following remarks—still relevant to-day: "In the present day there are many who cannot be satisfied with simply 'going out of town,' and who do not feel that they have enjoyed their annual holiday unless they have been 'on the Continent.' Persons of this class frequently find the largeness of their aspirations limited by the smallness of their means, and, though inclination would take them to the Rhine, Switzerland, or Italy, necessity would keep them to their own country, if it were not for the compromise offered by the cheap and easy accessibility of Boulogne . . ."

\* Sir Winston Churchill: "Second World War," Vol. I, p. 153. (Cassell.)





MILITARY PRECAUTIONS FOLLOWING THE SEIZURE OF THE SUEZ CANAL : TROOPS AND EQUIPMENT OF THE 16TH INDEPENDENT PARACHUTE BRIGADE ON BOARD THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *THESEUS* LEAVING PORTSMOUTH FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Watched by large crowds of holidaymakers the 13,350-ton aircraft-carrier *Theseus* sailed out of Portsmouth on the evening of August 5. She was carrying troops and equipment of the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Group and was bound for the Mediterranean. In this impressive aerial photograph many of the troops, who were in high spirits, may be seen lining the decks. An armoured group of the Royal Artillery is also on board the *Theseus*. On the following day the aircraft-carrier *Bulwark* sailed from Portsmouth for

the Mediterranean, and her aircraft flew on board shortly afterwards. These two departures were among the earliest of the military steps taken in view of the Suez Canal crisis. The War Office has announced that the discharge of regular soldiers is to be halted, and it is possible that the release of national servicemen serving overseas may be delayed in view of the crisis. Meanwhile, the French Mediterranean Fleet has been standing by at Toulon. Egypt has ordered the partial mobilisation of her National Guard.



## THE SUEZ CANAL: SCENES OF THE NATIONALISATION DECREE BEING PUT INTO FORCE.



AT THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY'S OFFICES IN PORT SAID: AN EGYPTIAN POLICEMAN STANDS ON GUARD OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO THE COMPANY'S SAFE.



A SYMBOL OF EGYPT'S TAKE-OVER: THE EGYPTIAN FLAG BEING HOISTED OVER THE COMPANY'S PORT SAID OFFICES.



ANOTHER STEP IN THE PROCESS OF NATIONALISATION: EGYPTIAN OFFICIALS SEALING A CUPBOARD IN THE CANAL COMPANY'S OFFICES AT PORT SAID.



AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE ORGANISED TAKE-OVER OF THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY: EGYPTIAN OFFICIALS CHECKING CASH AT THE COMPANY'S PORT SAID OFFICE.



SOON AFTER THE NATIONALISATION ANNOUNCEMENT: COLONEL MAHMOUD YONIS (SECOND FROM LEFT), OF THE EGYPTIAN CANAL AUTHORITY, AND OTHER OFFICIALS STUDYING PAPERS IN THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY'S ISMAILIA OFFICE.



AT ITS FIRST MEETING IN ISMAILIA ON AUGUST 1: THE NEW SUEZ CANAL AUTHORITY UNDER THE CHAIRMANSHIP OF MR. ABU NOSSEIR, THE MINISTER OF COMMERCE (CENTRE). NO STATEMENT WAS ISSUED ABOUT MATTERS DISCUSSED AT THIS MEETING.

There was little delay between Colonel Nasser's Alexandria announcement of the nationalisation of the Suez Canal on July 26 and the effective enforcement of the decree. Egyptian officials quickly took over the Suez Canal Company's offices in Port Said and Ismailia. Strong Egyptian guard points have been placed at many places along the Canal. The whole procedure of nationalisation was carried out quietly and efficiently, following a military



CHANGING THE GUARD ON THE SUEZ CANAL: EGYPTIAN TROOPS ON DUTY ON THE BANKS OF THE CANAL, WHICH HAS BEEN HEAVILY GUARDED SINCE THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF ITS NATIONALISATION.

pattern. On August 1 the new Suez Canal authority held its first meeting at Ismailia, under the chairmanship of Mr. Abu Nosseir, the Minister of Commerce. Meanwhile, traffic on the Canal is reported to be running normally. It has also been reported from Egypt that British and other foreign employees of the former Canal Company are being treated with consideration. However, if they decline to carry on working they are liable to long terms of imprisonment.



# THE SUEZ CRISIS: EGYPTIAN SHIPS IN BRITAIN, THE LONDON TALKS AND THE PARIS OFFICE.



IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR: THE EGYPTIAN DESTROYER *AL QUAHER* LYING BETWEEN THE BRITISH DESTROYER *VIGO* (LEFT) AND A BRITISH MINELAYER.



AN EGYPTIAN SHIP RECENTLY BOUGHT FROM BRITAIN: THE DESTROYER *AL FATEH* BEING MOVED TO A NEW BERTH AT SOUTHAMPTON.



AT THEIR LONDON TALKS ON AUGUST 1: (L. TO R.) MR. SELWYN LLOYD, SIR ANTHONY EDEN, MR. DULLES AND M. PINEAU (STANDING).



ON THE STEPS OF NO. 10: SIR ANTHONY EDEN (RIGHT) SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. DULLES DURING HIS BRIEF VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE PARIS OFFICE OF THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY, IN WHICH FRANCE HOLDS A LARGE INTEREST.



THE TRADITIONAL LONDON BEHAVIOUR AT A TIME OF CRISIS: CROWDS WAITING IN THE RAIN IN DOWNING STREET FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE, MR. DULLES.

Colonel Nasser's announcement of Egypt's nationalisation of the Suez Canal has met with stern protest from this country and other Western powers. Three-Power talks were immediately arranged in London between Great Britain, France and the United States. On August 1 Mr. John Foster Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State, flew to London to join in the talks, at which the French Foreign Minister, M. Pineau, was also present. As the result of these

talks an international conference, to which Egypt and the Soviet Union are to be invited, will be called in London on August 16 to establish an international company or agency to control the Suez Canal. Among other measures taken in this country as a result of the seizure of the Canal has been the stoppage of the export of all war materials to Egypt. A Royal Proclamation, issued on August 3, has given the Government powers to call up certain Army reservists.



## FROM HOME AND ABROAD: REBUILDING AN ITALIAN BRIDGE; AND OTHER ITEMS.



SOLD IN LONDON FOR 500 GUINEAS: A VIEW OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL IN ABOUT 1860 FROM PRIESTS FARM, BY W. F. WILSON.

An early Canadian picture of great historical interest was sold at Christie's on July 27 for 500 guineas. This picture, by W. F. Wilson, showing Montreal in about 1860, was bought by Lord Beaverbrook for the collection of paintings at the Beaverbrook Foundation, Fredericton, New Brunswick.



AT STONEHENGE: AN ARC WHICH HAS BEEN OPENED, REVEALING STUMPS OF EARLIER BLUESTONES AND STONE AND POST HOLES.

Extensive excavations have recently been concluded at Stonehenge, where Professor Stuart Piggott, Abercromby Professor of Prehistoric Archaeology at the University of Edinburgh, Mr. Richard J. C. Atkinson, Lecturer in Prehistoric Archaeology at the University, and Dr. J. F. S. Stone, chairman of the National Trust Stonehenge Committee, have been working with a team of students from Edinburgh.



(Left.) ON AN AUSTRIAN AIRFIELD AFTER FLYING FROM CENTRAL POLAND: POLISH AIR FORCE CADETS WHO HAVE BEEN GIVEN POLITICAL ASYLUM.

The Austrian Government has granted political asylum to four Polish Air Force cadets who escaped in two single-engine training aircraft from Beblin Airfield, on the Vistula south-east of Warsaw, on July 28. They hoped to land at Munich, but their fuel ran out and they made emergency landings in Lower Austria, sixty miles part.



(Right.) IN THE FOREST NEAR KIRCHBERG: ONE OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRYING THE ESCAPED POLISH PILOTS WHICH CRASH-LANDED IN TREETOPS, SLIGHTLY INJURING ONE MAN.



DESTROYED DURING THE WAR BUT TO BE RECONSTRUCTED PIECE BY PIECE: THE LOVELY MEDIAEVAL BRIDGE PONTE DELLA PIETRA, IN VERONA.



AS THE PONTE DELLA PIETRA APPEARED BEFORE DESTRUCTION: A MODEL OF THE BRIDGE BEING ASSEMBLED FROM PLASTER MINIATURES OF ITS STONES.

The earliest of all surviving Roman bridges, the *Ponte della Pietra* in Verona, was destroyed by the Germans in April 1945. It is to be reconstructed from the original stones which, as they are taken from the river, are reproduced in miniature for a scale model shown above.





DISCOVERED IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE: AN IMPORTANT SKETCH BY RUBENS FOR HIS WHITEHALL CEILING.

This impressive oil sketch by Rubens has recently been discovered in the collection of Mrs. Humphrey Brand, at Glynde Place, near Lewes, in Sussex. It was first identified by Mr. Oliver Millar, Deputy Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures, whose detailed report about it appears in the current number of *The Burlington Magazine*. The sketch, which is painted on panel and measures 37½ by 24½ ins., is

a preparatory study for the Whitehall ceiling, which Rubens painted to the order of Charles I. The sketch is of Rubens' scheme, at an early stage, for a considerable area of the ceiling, which shows the apotheosis of James I. This important addition to the *œuvre* of Rubens may be seen in the collection of pictures at Glynde Place, which is at present open to the public on Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.



## TIMELESS TRAVELS IN TURKEY.

"THE LYCIAN SHORE." By FREYA STARK.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MISS FREYA STARK has been roaming again and custom cannot "stale" her infinite variety or sap her energy. At one time she seemed to have settled permanently, as traveller and author, in Arabia (Felix or otherwise) and neighbouring countries which our fathers, sensibly, called the Near East, but which our contemporaries (including even Morocco in the category) absurdly call the Middle East—thereby suggesting that Britain is the Near East. But, after several enchanting volumes, in which she recorded travels, adventures and observations not equalled in these parts since the records of Gertrude Bell, she switched to delightful general reminiscences, with even accounts of visits to the South of France. In her last book, "Ionia," she approached fresh ground, and investigated a part of the coast of Asia Minor. In this new one she records a voyage along another section, Lycia, the journey being done in a friend's small ship, which made frequent stops for landing and exploration. If, as her readers must hope, she surveys, in later books, the rest of the coast from the Hellespont to Alexandria, she will have covered ground which has not, I think, been thoroughly surveyed by a British writer since early Victorian days.

And she will have created a record peculiarly of her own kind. Many of the best of our nineteenth-century travellers in those parts, as elsewhere, were extremely careful about reporting on the appearance and armament of the inhabitants, the cleanliness or otherwise (usually otherwise) of the inns, the feasibility and safety or otherwise (usually otherwise) of the roads, the remains of ancient grandeur, broken pillars, ruined theatres, burgled tombs, and half-legible inscriptions. But Miss Stark, coming to the Levant from the emptinesses of the vast Arabian wilderness, with their suggestions of an interminable, but stagnant and unfruitful, past, has arrived at an awareness of the origins of the civilisation, imperfect though it be, in which we all exist; is developing into an archaeologist, has an artistic feeling for the beauties and grandeurs of nature, and a notable talent for describing them. No sooner did she turn—I don't mean turn her back on, for that she would never

Asia Minor, fought the battle of Issus, got to the Indus, returned to Babylon and died there, intoxicated by something more than success. Greek mercenaries (even the ten thousand were that) and the Greek pedlars may have penetrated every corner of Asia Minor, but merely as passengers. Here, as everywhere else outside Hellas itself, the Greek settlements were on or near the coast.

Miss Stark as she moves is simultaneously aware of ancient life and the scenes of to-day; she travels at once through past and present. The Turks, settled and nomadic, are described, and well-photographed, as they are encountered. On one page they are picking cotton, on another they are heartily enjoying a circumcision feast. The changing landscape, including wastes of mountain and marsh, as well as orchards and happy harbours, is so vividly depicted that, at the end, the reader feels as though he had been on a cruise. Frequently there are memorable little transcripts of sea and sky—never purple-patchy. A writer, in order to transfer an impression of a scene, need not indulge in Ruskinian pages swarming with closely-observed details, or in the sort of elaborate analyses of sunset

he had been told, and couldn't vouch for the truth of it. Here I had better check myself, or I shall start talking about Thucydides, immeasurably the greatest and justest historian of them all, and the Peloponnesian War, which, to date, is, to my thinking, the greatest disaster that overtook the human race. I don't exempt the human race (to which I, incidentally, belong) from blame: as Molière said, "*Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin.*"

Was there a slight wandering there? There was. Miss Stark is never provocative in the vulgar journalistic way: but she does provoke thought, and on a number of subjects. After Cos she reaches Cnidus. Well, the "Venus de Milo" (in other words, the Aphrodite of Melos) is a tremendously important figure in our world; but think of Praxiteles' "Aphrodite of Cnidus." The original, for all I know, may be at the bottom of the Mediterranean, and recoverable by the gallant French Navy with its aqualungs, or it may have been used for house-building by the Turks, or blown up by the Venetians. But Hellenistic copies, or near-copies, of it abound.

They merely indicate the beauty of the original. When I was an undergraduate I did not, I must admit, go to official lectures, or read prescribed books. But one of my haunts was an annexe to the Fitzwilliam Museum: I think it was called the Archaeological Museum. There was a cast of a leaning goddess with a little



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MISS FREYA STARK.

Miss Freya Stark, who is the daughter of the late Robb Stark, the sculptor, was born in Paris. At the age of five she could speak in three languages. She was educated privately in Italy, at Bedford College, London University, and at the School of Oriental Studies in London. She has travelled extensively, and her books dealing with her journeys have made her reputation as one of the most outstanding travel writers of the day. Miss Stark has received many official awards, and in the 1953 New Year's Honours she received the C.B.E.



IN POLEMUS (?) SOUND: THE FIVE-TON MOTOR-SAIL-BOAT *ELFIN*, IN WHICH MISS STARK MADE THE VOYAGE DESCRIBED IN HER BOOK.

or brewing storm with which late-Victorian novelists used to begin their stories, holding us in suspense, as to what or whom the story was going to be about, but giving us (the only justification for them) the right atmospheric background. Flecker, passing a place in the Greek archipelago, wrote a poem called "Santorin." It opened with the line, "A ship, an isle, a sickle moon." Of that poem, although I was the devout and careful editor of Flecker's "remains," I remember no more. More, doubtless, could have been said: Santorin, the other day, was wrecked by an earthquake and the papers published pictures of shattered streets and collapsed churches. But a certain aspect, at a certain moment, was registered in seven words; and those words, and the picture, remain in the memory. So also will some of Miss Stark's economical descriptions—though nothing in prose can be so concise or dehydrated as the best descriptions in verse.

The Sentimental Traveller who, in imagination, accompanies Miss Stark on this trip, will visit few resoundingly famous places: there is no Ephesus, for example. But places of much, if minor, renown are seen, in their modern and minor abandonment. Chios and Samos, whence treasured wine came, for example, and Patmos, with its apocalyptic associations. Cos appears; famous in ancient days for its ultra-diaphanous fabric, "*Coa vestis*." Then Halicarnassus, a name that should be illustrious for ever as that of the birthplace of Herodotus, traditionally the "Father of History," but for long regarded as the "Father of Lies." He said on at least one occasion that he was setting down not what he knew, but what



LYCIAN TOMBS AT TELMESSUS.

do, knowing the Arab sense of honour, pride, capacity for spare living, and bread and salt—from the farther to the nearer end of the Suez Canal than she found herself in contact with all the main sources of our civilisation—Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome—and Athens the connecting link.

But it isn't merely Athens. It is Hellas. The superficial observer may wonder why Miss Stark should investigate merely the coast of Asia Minor. The answer is that the Greeks didn't go very far past the coasts. They were a seafaring nation, and made settlements all over the Mediterranean, as far west as Marseilles, and farther. The interior of Asia they did not explore. Xenophon, with his Ten Thousand, traversed Armenia and in the end called with his troops, "The Sea, the Sea." Alexander the Great—a Macedonian, but a Greek of sorts who had Aristotle for his tutor, led his trudging battalions through the whole south of



MR. D. BALFOUR WITH THE AUTHOR IN THE XANTHUS VALLEY. Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Lycian Shore"; by courtesy of the publisher, John Murray.

drapery and an urn, which I thought the loveliest thing I had ever seen in my life. Everything was in it: elegance, charm, tenderness, and the power of a goddess; our eighteenth-century forebears would probably have called her "the lass with the elegant droop." I should like to live long enough to see the original fished out of the Mediterranean with the sponges.

That may yet happen. Had Mussolini, instead of going mad with dreams of a new Roman Empire, spent a few millions on digging in the Herculaneum lava, or did Colonel Nasser, with the applause of the whole civilised world, resolve to disinter from the sands of Egypt the lost incomparable epics, lyrics, tragedies and histories of Greece, each man may have left to posterity a revered, instead of a detested, name.

But what is the good of telling these people?

\* "The Lycian Shore." By Freya Stark. Illustrated with the Author's Photographs. (John Murray; 25s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 240 of this issue.



## THE FOURTH TEST: LAKER'S TRIUMPHANT TEN WICKETS.



LAKER'S FIRST SECOND-INNINGS WICKET: R. N. HARVEY THROWS UP HIS BAT IN DISGUST, HAVING BEEN CAUGHT BY COWDREY FOR 0.



THE SECOND WICKET: J. BURKE IS CAUGHT BY LOCK FOR 33 DURING THE FORTY-FIVE MINUTES' PLAY ON THE THIRD DAY.



THE THIRD WICKET: LAKER APPEALS AS HE HAS I. D. CRAIG L.B.W. FOR 38 AFTER LUNCH ON THE FINAL DAY.



THE FOURTH WICKET: K. MACKAY IS CAUGHT OFF THE EDGE OF HIS BAT AT SECOND SLIP BY OAKMAN (LOSING HIS CAP) FOR 0.



THE HERO OF THE FOURTH TEST MATCH: THE SURREY SPIN-BOWLER J. C. LAKER. HAVING TAKEN 9 WICKETS FOR 37 IN THE AUSTRALIAN FIRST INNINGS HE DISMISSED THE ENTIRE AUSTRALIAN SIDE FOR 53 RUNS IN THEIR SECOND INNINGS AT OLD TRAFFORD. THIS UNPRECEDENTED PERFORMANCE BROUGHT LAKER A NUMBER OF RECORDS.



THE FIFTH WICKET: K. R. MILLER LEAVES THE CREASE, HAVING BEEN BOWLED BY LAKER FOR 0. AT THIS POINT THE AUSTRALIAN SCORE WAS 130.



THE SIXTH WICKET: R. G. ARCHER IS CAUGHT BY OAKMAN FOR 0, GIVING LAKER HIS FOURTH WICKET IN THIRTY MINUTES.



THE SEVENTH WICKET: THE AUSTRALIAN TOP SCORER, C. C. McDONALD, IS CAUGHT BY OAKMAN FOR 89, AFTER AN INNINGS OF 337 MINUTES.



THE EIGHTH WICKET: R. BENAUD IS BOWLED FOR 18, HAVING MADE AN EIGHTY-MINUTE STAND WITH McDONALD.



THE NINTH WICKET: R. R. LINDWALL IS CAUGHT BY LOCK IN THE LEG TRAP FOR 8 RUNS. LOCK MADE 2 CATCHES, OAKMAN 3 AND COWDREY 1.



THE LAST WICKET: L. MADDOCKS IS L.B.W. FOR 2, BRINGING ENGLAND VICTORY BY AN INNINGS AND 170 RUNS.

The Surrey spin-bowler J. C. Laker made wickets and records tumble in the final stages of the fourth Test Match at Old Trafford, Manchester, on July 31. His magnificent bowling brought England victory by an innings and 170 runs, although during a large portion of the match play was made impossible by the weather. By winning this match the English team have assured the retention of the Ashes in this country. Laker's first-innings analysis was 16.4 overs—4 maidens—37 runs—9 wickets. In the second Australian innings he bowled 51.2 overs, of which 23 were maidens, and took 10 wickets

for 53 runs. Thus his match total was 19 wickets for 90 runs. This performance brought Laker several records. He beat by two the previous record of 17 wickets taken by one bowler in a first-class match. He is the first bowler to have taken all the wickets in a Test innings, and the first to have an "all 10" analysis twice in a season. (He had dismissed all the Australians for 88 when playing for Surrey in May.) This thrilling match was the first in fifty-one years between England and Australia at Old Trafford with a definite result. The Fifth Test Match begins at The Oval on August 23.



PERHAPS an apology is needed for yet another discussion of British defence policy in its relation to N.A.T.O. and to Germany. It would seem to be, if regard were had only to the frequency with which I have written on various aspects of the subject in the last few years. My justification must be that I am so often behindhand, faint but pursuing. We are now in the phase denoted by the term "re-appraisal," one of those fashionable words which have their seasons. Reappraisal is called upon for two reasons. First, and much the more important, is the power of the hydrogen bomb and the reflection of its power on what are called conventional weapons. How far has it reduced the need for them? What part can they play in co-existence with it?

The second cause of reappraisal is linked with the first. Politicians and peoples—but the pressure has come from politicians—scent in the power of the bomb an opportunity to cut military manpower and divert money to more popular causes. There is nothing inherently wrong in this, and the demand may be justified. The historically minded may, however, reflect that politicians are apt to have it both ways in such issues. It is never their fault. Thus, after the First World War, which we entered inadequately prepared and equipped, politicians sat down and wrote books to prove how stupid soldiers were, to prove men like Haig, who by his courage, coolness, resource, and tactical skill staved off at "First Ypres" a disaster due to the shortcomings of politicians, to be numskulls.

From the present Government have come some phrases about the desirability of reducing expenditure on defence and of making an end of conscription. It should be noted, however, that when another speaker declared that the Prime Minister's remarkable speech of July 23 made it clear that the international situation would bring about a sharp cut in our defence expenditure, Sir Anthony Eden rose to reject this interpretation. He said that such a matter would have to be settled with N.A.T.O. The double theme of the speech was the "ultimate" effect of the hydrogen bomb as destroyer of the human race and its effect on the minds of the leaders of Soviet Russia. He thought they had decided that they could not obtain world power forcibly except by destroying all that they had created and sought to create. The power of the bomb and its effect on thought had diminished the likelihood of war.

There has also been a good deal of talk about the possibility of making an end of conscription in two years' time. The figures given by Mr. Antony Head, the Secretary of State for War, in the course of the same debate, held out little promise of providing an army to meet British needs by voluntary service within such a period. And conscription, while valuable to the other services, is chiefly important with respect to the Army. As I recently pointed out, fresh wage demands and consequent further inflation might do away with the value of recent increases in service pay within a very short time. Even if these increases maintain their value, I doubt whether they will fill the gap between the present rate of voluntary engagements and the needs of an army of volunteers.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. OBSCURITIES OF DEFENCE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

The talk, some of it perhaps calculated indiscretion, going on in certain N.A.T.O. capitals has been unwelcome and bewildering to the Government of the German Federal Republic. Everyone was only yesterday shouting in its ear that it must get on with rearmament and that its contribution to the strength of N.A.T.O. could no longer be dispensed with. Now it believes that a queue is forming among those who have been exhorting it to lodge their claims for cuts in commitments to N.A.T.O. Is it to be the only one to get on when others are trying to get off? Differences, it is true, appear in

indeed, that the fighting strength of the Navy can be reduced at all. The predominance of the hydrogen bomb does not justify the assumption that we shall never have to call on the Navy to protect our sea communications. For the senior service the emphasis should now be anti-submarine—and anti-raiding cruiser—defence. Day by day we witness the calls made on the Army for work outside N.A.T.O. and without direct reference to the possibility of a world war. Talk of "cutting them to the bone" is a dangerous absurdity.

How then should Britain remould defence policy in the light of the reappraisal mentioned above? In the first place, the dramatic decisions dear to so many critics should be avoided. They are sure to lead to confusion, if to nothing worse. Then, without hesitation, I accord priority to the Royal Air Force, because it is at present, though

it may not always be, the only potential holder of the "ultimate" weapon which we believe and hope may be the means of avoiding nuclear war and the only one which could deliver nuclear weapons. I believe, broadly speaking, in the views of Field Marshal Sir John Slessor, which I find clearer than those expressed officially. But his views, I must add, do not include the dramatic policy of "cutting to the bone" elsewhere.

Secondly, as I have indicated, I advocate a cautious naval policy. We are probably strongest on the side of carriers, and there I think we may possibly have to mark time. I feel it might be best to do so and, as the next important step, produce a really modern cruiser which might, if the necessity were approved by later opinion, be the first of a class. But the first necessity is the improvement of anti-submarine vessels and appliances. Everything is costly nowadays, but it so happens that the greatest naval danger by which we are faced can be prepared for, not cheaply, but relatively so in terms of naval expenditure to other ends. This, indeed, I regard as an unavoidable commitment.

Then the Army. I trust we shall not be knocking at N.A.T.O.'s door to say that we can no longer maintain on the Continent the four divisions we are pledged to keep there. I do not consider that this is likely. These divisions have already been reorganised. It was announced that, from the Spring, they would consist of two "new pattern" infantry divisions and two "trial" armoured divisions. Sir Richard Gale has said that reduction in men and vehicles is going on but cannot go much farther. Other British divisions might also be reduced and I do not see why they should in peace be quite as expensive to maintain as the four in Germany. The time is not ripe to abandon National Service. If conscription is to be eased, I favour, as always, more selectivity in the call-up, while

recognising that it might not be popular. When Stoessel, the defender of Port Arthur, was put on trial a Russian observer remarked that it was not a man that was being tried but the Russian people. He may have been going too far, because popular opinion has little military judgment. Governments and publicists at least carry a heavy responsibility for the course now followed. The country might have to pay dear for a gimcrack defence policy.



THE SUEZ CANAL TALKS IN LONDON: MR. DULLES, THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE, WHO ARRIVED IN LONDON AT SHORT NOTICE ON AUGUST 1 FOR DISCUSSIONS.

On August 1 Mr. Dulles arrived by air in London for discussions on Egypt's nationalising of the Suez Canal Company. After meeting Mr. Murphy, the U.S. Deputy Under-Secretary of State, who had until then been the American representative at the Three Power talks, he discussed the situation with the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary and the French Foreign Minister, M. Pinéau. Mr. Dulles' mission was thought to be for the purpose of restraining any Anglo-French intentions of using force, and to suggest ways in which the Anglo-French aim of international control of the Canal could be made acceptable to Colonel Nasser. Later this month an international conference on the latter subject is planned. The U.S.A. is not disinterested in the affair, since President Eisenhower described the Canal as vital to U.S. economy. When questioned on possible objections to U.S. control of the Panama Canal, the President replied that the conditions in that case were not the same.

the attitude of others. France says little, because France has disposed of most of its European commitments. The Benelux countries can express anxiety more forcibly. Meanwhile, the apparent feet-dragging inspires the opposition to rearmament within Western Germany.

I should not be making much of a contribution to the subject unless I tried to outline some necessary principles. I do not believe that the Navy and Army can be sharply reduced, nor,





A MAP SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL CANADIAN OIL WELLS, REFINERIES, AND THE GREAT WEST TO EAST PIPELINES. THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY WILL FACILITATE EXPORT FROM THE OILFIELDS, WHICH ALREADY PRODUCE ABOUT 20,000,000 METRIC TONS A YEAR.

AMONG the most conspicuous achievements of the modern international oil industry in the post-war years has been the development of Canada's petroleum deposits. Canadian output in 1938 was 900,000 metric tons; her output in 1955 was 17,600,000 metric tons. In the first three months of 1956 it was running at a rate equivalent to a production of about 22,000,000 tons per annum. These figures tell their own story in an unmistakable fashion.

As might be expected in the light of the production figures for 1955, Canada is now among the world's seven leading oil-producing countries, though even so her annual output is still short of her annual consumption—now approaching 30,000,000 tons a year and which, per head of population, exceeds that of any other country save the U.S.A. herself.

The story of Canada's emergence as a potentially prolific petroleum producing country may be said to have begun in 1947, when the now famous Leduc oilfield in Alberta was discovered. This success stimulated further extensive exploration, and in 1948 a second extremely promising oilfield was found in Alberta—at Redwater, some 25 miles north-east of Edmonton. By 1950, Redwater had not only become Canada's leading producing field but it had been sufficiently developed to prove that its reserves were greater than those of any Canadian oilfield discovered up to that time.

With the encouragement of Redwater following upon the stimulus of Leduc, intensive exploration—especially in Alberta—continued at maximum speed. And in mid-1953, in a tract of bush and muskeg country, 80 miles south-west of Edmonton was discovered the Pembina field.

This field—whose ultimate potentialities have not yet been fully appraised—nevertheless furnishes a striking example of the speed with which Canada's oil resources are being expanded. At the beginning of 1954, it had a solitary producing well. A year later, 140 producing wells had been completed there—and when 1956 opened, the number had been increased again to 784. Plans announced for the current year indicate that a further 800 wells may be in production when the twelvemonth ends. Factors which must influence the pace at which this supremely promising new field is developed include, of course, market demand and availability of facilities for moving out the crude oil being produced. But if development should prove to be limited solely by technical considerations, it is conceivable that within the next four years Pembina could possess a potential daily production rate of 400,000 barrels (equivalent

to about 20,000,000 tons annually). Certainly, at the current time, Pembina has surpassed Redwater and Leduc in importance.

However, events have been moving with such momentum in Canadian oil exploration recently, that no one field can ever be regarded as certain of holding place of honour in importance for any definite period. In February this year, yet another Albertan discovery was made—this time in the north-central area and far removed from previous zones of oil exploration. The location of the successful "wild cat" (a bore-hole drilled in search of oil in unproven territory) was Red Earth. This is a region consisting of swampy muskeg where substantial operations are only possible during winter when the ground is frozen hard, and therefore immediate investigation of the initial discovery was rendered impossible owing to the swift arrival of the thaw. It is thought that several winters may be necessary to afford a

1955 PRODUCTION OF CRUDE PETROLEUM			
	Tons per annum	1955 Refining Capacity	
		Tons per annum	
Alberta -	15,500,000	Br. Columbia -	3,000,000
Saskatchewan -	1,600,000	Prairie Provinces -	8,500,000
Manitoba -	570,000	Ontario -	7,500,000
N.W. Territories -	50,000	Quebec -	11,500,000
Ontario -	70,000	Atlantic Provinces -	1,000,000
New Brunswick -	20,000		
	17,810,000		31,500,000

reasonable opportunity to assess Red Earth's prospects. However, it is significant that as soon as news of the discovery was revealed, concessions covering a 9,000,000-acre tract in the surrounding Albertan territory and a further 6,000,000-acre tract in the neighbouring region of Saskatchewan were taken out. The geologists of the oil companies responsible believe that it is possible that the oil-bearing rock strata of Red Earth expand in a vast arc right across the two provinces.

If from the above brief survey of Canadian oil production it appears that the emphasis has been put primarily upon Alberta, it is because Alberta has, to date, accounted for by far the largest part of this production—her contribution in 1955 being some 15,500,000 metric tons out of the total Canadian output quoted in the opening paragraph. Nevertheless, so far from being confined to Alberta, the search for oil in Canada is in progress in all areas where, in the opinion of scientists, petroleum deposits might exist. Investigation also continues

into ways whereby the immense oil potentialities of the famous Athabaska "Tar Sands" of northern Alberta could be utilised on some substantial commercial basis.

Canada has also seen some striking post-war construction programmes relating to pipelines and refineries. Among the major pipeline projects have been the building of the Inter Provincial pipeline, running from Edmonton to Sarnia (Ontario) via Regina and Superior, Wisconsin (U.S.A.), and the Edmonton-Vancouver line. Canadian annual refining capacity has been expanded from its pre-war level of 8,750,000 tons to 30,750,000 tons, about half of this capacity being located in the regions of Sarnia and Montreal (Quebec).

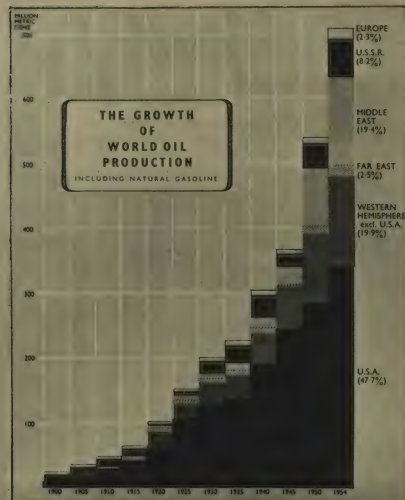
What are the future prospects for Canada's oil production and the industry responsible for this gigantic undertaking? Certainly there is nothing to suggest that the world's avid demand for petroleum will decrease in the foreseeable future or that Canada herself will check her own growth in her annual domestic consumption. Therefore it is likely that Canada's first concern will be to ensure a sufficiency of petroleum products of all nature to satisfy, as far as is practical, her personal needs. Development of her resources to whatever may be their ultimate capacity is, of course, conditioned by many factors. There are the climatic complications—restricting operations in certain areas to a relative few months of the year—there are the topographical difficulties, resulting in oil-producing zones lying in inaccessible areas and perhaps many hundreds of miles away from the centres of distribution or consumption.

Yet though these hindrances cannot be averted, they are not insuperable. Specialist equipment has been devised to combat the icy wastes and morasses of the Canadian "outback"; pipelines are coming into being, and will continue to do so on an ever increasing scale, to overcome the transport problems attending the movement of Canada's oil supplies. Vast sums of money—over \$550,000,000 in 1955 alone—are being expended on general development projects. Indeed, such expenditure in Canada this year is thought possible to exceed \$1,000,000,000. The expertise, the enthusiasm, the capital—all these necessary accompaniments of large-scale oil development in any part of the world are present in the oil companies operating in Canada, companies in which it is good to know that British interests are represented. So far as it is ever safe to forecast future prospects, those attending Canadian oil production must assuredly be regarded as bright.

THE CANADIAN OILFIELDS: A POSSIBLE ALTERNATIVE TO THOSE OF THE MIDDLE EAST IN THE FUTURE.

Map and information supplied by the Petroleum Information Bureau.





U.S.A.		PRODUCTION (Metric Tons)		REFINING CAPACITY (Metric Tons)	
United States (total)	318,300,000	418,800,000			
East Coast	2,600,000	66,590,000			
Mid-West	61,500,000	118,160,000			
Gulf Area	202,400,000	152,300,000			
Rocky Mts.	30,600,000	14,090,000			
Pacific Coast	51,200,000	67,740,000			
<b>OTHER WESTERN HEMISPHERE</b>					
Canada	12,990,000	29,370,000			
Mexico	11,880,000	12,800,000			
<b>CENTRAL AMERICA</b>					
Cuba	10,000	430,000			
Netherlands Antilles	3,400,000	6,000,000			
<b>SOUTH AMERICA</b>					
Argentina	4,350,000	9,650,000			
Bolivia	220,000	620,000			
Brazil	140,000	2,110,000			
Chile	210,000	1,000,000			
Colombia	5,780,000	2,150,000			
Ecuador	420,000	290,000			
Peru	2,450,000	2,380,000			
Uruguay	1,300,000				
Venezuela	99,410,000	27,000,000			
<b>MIDDLE EAST</b>					
Aden	1,513,000	5,000,000			
Bahrain	1,990,000	15,320,000			
Egypt	30,670,000	1,500,000			
Iraq	1,050,000	1,050,000			
Israel	1,380,000				
Kuwait	47,725,000	1,500,000			
Lebanon	580,000				
Neutral Zone (Kuwait-S. Arabia)	895,000				
Peria	2,910,000	25,000,000*			
Qatar	7,780,000	9,500,000			
Saudi Arabia	46,870,000				
Turkey	60,000	40,000			

\*Estimated figures shown is capacity prior to nationalisation



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Pacific Coast	51,200,000	67,740,000			
<b>OTHER WESTERN HEMISPHERE</b>					
Canada	12,990,000	29,370,000			
Mexico	11,880,000	12,800,000			
<b>CENTRAL AMERICA</b>					
Cuba	10,000	430,000			
Netherlands Antilles	3,400,000	6,000,000			
<b>SOUTH AMERICA</b>					
Argentina	4,350,000	9,650,000			
Bolivia	220,000	620,000			
Brazil	140,000	2,110,000			
Chile	210,000	1,000,000			
Colombia	5,780,000	2,150,000			
Ecuador	420,000	290,000			
Peru	2,450,000	2,380,000			
Uruguay	1,300,000				
Venezuela	99,410,000	27,000,000			
<b>MIDDLE EAST</b>					
Aden	1,513,000	5,000,000			
Bahrain	1,990,000	15,320,000			
Egypt	30,670,000	1,500,000			
Iraq	1,050,000	1,050,000			
Israel	1,380,000				
Kuwait	47,725,000	1,500,000			
Lebanon	580,000				
Neutral Zone (Kuwait-S. Arabia)	895,000				
Peria	2,910,000	25,000,000*			
Qatar	7,780,000	9,500,000			
Saudi Arabia	46,870,000				
Turkey	60,000	40,000			

\*Estimated figures shown is capacity prior to nationalisation

U.S.A.		PRODUCTION (Metric Tons)		REFINING CAPACITY (Metric Tons)	
United States (total)	318,300,000	418,800,000			
East Coast	2,600,000	66,590,000			
Mid-West	61,500,000	118,160,000			
Gulf Area	202,400,000	152,300,000			
Rocky Mts.	30,600,000	14,090,000			
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\*Broad estimate only—no accurate figures available

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Saudi Arabia	46,870,000				
Turkey	60,000	40,000			

\*Broad estimate only—no accurate figures available

U.S.S.R. (incl. Sakhalin) 58,000,000\* 60,000,000\*

\*Broad estimate only. No accurate figures for the division of U.S.S.R. production or refinery capacity are available, and the indications on the map are only approximations

U.S.A.		PRODUCTION (Metric Tons)		REFINING CAPACITY (Metric Tons)	
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Saudi Arabia	46,870,000				
Turkey	60,000	40,000			

\*Broad estimate only—no accurate figures available

WESTERN EUROPE		
Belgium	520,000	4,750,000
France	2,200,000	26,950,000
Western Germany	2,670,000	11,100,000
Italy	130,000	2,440,000
Netherlands	940,000	11,500,000
Norway	—	90,000
Portugal	—	1,000,000
Spain	—	1,800,000
Sweden	—	1,800,000
Switzerland	—	2,000,000
U.K.	60,000	29,230,000
Yugoslavia	300,000	650,000

\*Based on estimate only. No accurate figures for the production of U.S.S.R. production or refinery capacity are available, and the indications on the map are only approximations

OTHER COUNTRIES		
Algeria	78,000	—
French Morocco	120,000	150,000
Canary Islands	—	1,600,000
Union of S. Africa	—	750,000



PIPING OIL FROM IRAQ TO THE MEDITERRANEAN:  
THE LEBANON-IRAQ PETROLEUM CO. DISPUTE.



THE SOURCE OF THE OIL WHICH IS THE SUBJECT OF THE DISPUTE BETWEEN LEBANON AND THE IRAQ PETROLEUM COMPANY: THE PROCESS PLANT AT KIRKUK, IRAQ.



THE END OF THE OIL PIPELINE FROM KIRKUK TO TRIPOLI. THE LEBANON RECENTLY DEMANDED A LARGE INCREASE IN OIL TRANSIT CHARGES.

OVERSHADOWED by Colonel Nasser's recent "nationalisation" of the Suez Canal, through which a very large proportion of Britain's vital oil supplies pass, is the dispute between Lebanon and the Iraq Petroleum Company. Part of the I.P.C. oil pipeline from Iraq to the Mediterranean coast runs for twenty miles through Lebanon to the despatch point at Tripoli, and recently Lebanon demanded a very large increase in oil transit charges. This led to deadlock, and at the time of writing the latest development was the passing by Lebanon of a new Bill, which, contravening earlier agreements, will impose taxation on the I.P.C. The situation may develop in a number of ways.

[Continued below.]

(Right.) THE PIPELINES FROM KIRKUK, IRAQ, TO THE MEDITERRANEAN, SHOWING THE TERMINALS AT BANIAS, SYRIA, AND TRIPOLI, IN LEBANON. THE IRAQ PETROLEUM COMPANY WILL SHORTLY BE MAKING A NEW ADDITION TO THE PIPELINES TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.



THE SIGNAL STATION AT TRIPOLI, LEBANON, THE MEDITERRANEAN TERMINAL OF THE IRAQ PETROLEUM COMPANY'S OVERLAND PIPELINE.

[Continued.] A new agreement based on the new Bill, which has a clause allowing of further negotiation, may be reached. The Americans, who recently made a new agreement for their pipeline through Lebanon, may help to find a solution. The Lebanon may follow the example of Egypt and nationalise the I.P.C. installations. Much of their prosperity depends on oil income, however, and the new I.P.C. oil pipeline, not yet built, which is to carry



THE IRAQ PETROLEUM COMPANY'S REFINERY AT TRIPOLI. MOST OF ITS PRODUCTS ARE USED LOCALLY, AND ITS CAPACITY IS ABOUT HALF A MILLION TONS A YEAR.

the proposed increased flow of oil to Tripoli could without much difficulty be diverted to Banias, in Syria, thus missing out Lebanon altogether. With the I.P.C.'s recent new agreement with Syria, Lebanon's rival neighbour, this would be as convenient for the company as it would be inconvenient for Lebanon. If, however, these two Arab states were to form a more united front the I.P.C. might have to accept a much harder bargain.





"THE GLORIFICATION OF THE REDEEMER": RARE EARLY 12TH-CENTURY FRESCOES IN A GLOUCESTERSHIRE CHURCH.

The small church of St. Mary in Kempley, near Dymock, Gloucestershire, which was built in about A.D. 1100 by Hugh de Laci, a Baron of Hereford, remains to-day an almost entirely unspoiled Norman church. The photograph on this page shows the rare group of early twelfth-century fresco wall-paintings, perhaps unique in this country, which cover the vaulted roof and the walls of the chancel. These paintings show Our Lord, seated in Majesty, surrounded by figures and objects described in the Book of the Revelation of St. John the Divine. They were first discovered, under

whitewash, in 1872, and were thought to be tempera work. Since the initial discovery they had appeared to be fading rapidly, but current restoration work—supervised by Mrs. Eve Baker—has shown that the "fading" was only the steady darkening of the film of protective varnish put on over eighty years ago. This varnish and traces of mediæval "touching-up" are now being removed. This work, which has been made possible by an initial grant from the Dulverton Trust, has also revealed that the paintings are not in tempera, but are true twelfth-century frescoes, on hard, sound plaster.

Photograph by Derek Evans, A.R.P.S.





THE RESCUE OF *MOYANA*'S CREW RECONSTRUCTED FROM AN EYE-WITNESS' ACCOUNT: *MOYANA* HEELING OVER TO THE SEVERE WIND AND HIGH SEAS UNDER HER STORM CANVAS, AS THE STEAMER *CLAN MACLEAN* (RIGHT BACKGROUND) IS CIRCLING TOWARDS HER TO GIVE HER SHELTER ALONGSIDE SO THAT THE SCRAMBLING NETS CAN BE USED.

Triumph and disaster at sea are familiar to the people of Britain, to whom the sea has always been both friend and foe but above all an inspiration. The great gale on the last Sunday of July added the final chapter to the story of a fifty-seven-year-old ketch at, perhaps, the moment of her greatest triumph when she was approaching the shores of England, and was some 30 miles off the Lizard, on her return from Lisbon after winning the Torbay to Lisbon international sailing race earlier in the month. The sail training-ship *Moyana* (103 tons) was owned by the Southampton University School of Navigation and her ship's company of twenty-three included fifteen cadets, aged sixteen to seventeen, who were making their first sea trip. The following eye-witness account of the rescue of *Moyana*'s crew was given to our special artist,

Mr. C. E. Turner, by Chief Officer D. Richards, of the *Clan Maclean* on board the liner at Fowey:—"We received the first radio signal at 3.25 a.m. on Sunday from Land's End and proceeded at full speed to the position given. The weather was bad—a Force 10 gale and high seas, with occasional rain or drizzle which reduced visibility. *Moyana* was located with the aid of flares dropped by a *Shackleton* aircraft which circled the ketch 'mast-high' on our arrival. *Moyana* was sailing close-hauled at about four knots, with her mizzen and forestay sails set. Her jib seemed to be adrift and hanging from the bowsprit over the lee bow. In the high seas she was obviously in some difficulty and her captain asked for all to be taken off. We had a lifeboat cleared and ready for launching, but we were rolling to thirty degrees, and this was considered impracticable.

After circling to give *Moyana* shelter under our lee, we got her alongside and took off her complete ship's company of twenty-three, fifteen of whom were boy cadets, at 8.40 a.m. Seven minutes later the whole operation was complete and *Clan Maclean* was under way again. There was no injury or accident to anyone—the only damage to our ship was caused by *Moyana*'s high mast, which carried away the port floodlight when the two vessels rolled together." The liner *Clan Maclean* then proceeded to Fowey, where *Moyana*'s crew were safely landed, all unhurt. The abandoned ketch was later taken in tow by the frigate *Orwell* which found her drifting. After being towed some distance the ketch began to sink and the line was slipped just before *Moyana* disappeared slowly beneath the sea. *Moyana* was built by White Brothers at Southampton in 1899

for Lord Dunraven. Under his ownership she won the King's Cup at Cowes. In 1942 she was bought by the Southampton University School of Navigation. Captain H. Stewart, Deputy Director of the School, which trains boys for the Merchant Navy, had been master of the ketch since 1943. The President of the Republic of Portugal Trophy which was presented to Captain Stewart by the President of Portugal, General Gravenor Lopes, in Lisbon on July 17, was saved as it had been brought home by H.M.S. *Venus*, but the other trophies won in the race all went down with the ship, together with all the crew's gear. Photographs of the rescue, taken from the R.A.F. *Shackleton* aircraft of Coastal Command (shown in this drawing approaching after dropping the final flare to guide the *Clan Maclean* to the ketch) appeared in our last issue.

Drawn by our Special Artist, C. E. Turner, and based on an eye-witness description by Chief Officer D. Richards, of the "*Clan Maclean*."





## ILLUSTRATING THE EVER-GROWING TRANSATLANTIC AIR TRAFFIC: AN IMPRESSION OF A

Just over thirty-seven years ago the world acclaimed the feat of the two British aviators, Alcock and Brown, who in 1919 flew the Atlantic for the first time. It was an epic crossing and they flew from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Clifden, Ireland, at times only a few feet above the hungry waves, taking altogether 16 hours 12 minutes. To-day, however, the great airlines of the world ply regularly back and forth and at any one moment there may be a matter of hundreds of passengers and crew airborne over the Atlantic. These

trips have the regularity of a journey by express train, and it is no uncommon thing for business men to cross one night, spend one day on the other side and be back at their city desk the following morning. Last year it was stated that over 600,000 passengers flew the Atlantic, and during a peak period some 5000 passengers may cross between America and Britain during one night. It is predicted that air passenger travel will soon exceed first- and second-class sea travel. Passengers travel in the greatest comfort, and every precaution

*Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, from special information*

## BUSY PERIOD WHEN 5000 PERSONS MAY BE CROSSING BETWEEN BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

is taken to ensure security. One can sleep soundly at altitudes of over 30,000 ft. inside the air-tight, pressurised hull of the aircraft. All flights are co-ordinated to avoid the possibility of collision, and there is very frequent radio contact between the aircraft and various ground stations, which send up information as to the weather and the aircraft's position. At the destination airport the giant airliners are guided by radio equipment right down to the runway with great accuracy. For the purpose of illustrating this great

*supplied by the Air Traffic Control Centre, Redbus, Prestwick, Scotland.*

air service which is carried on unceasingly and untiringly night after night the aircraft are drawn to a very large scale. In fact, of course, they would appear as tiny specks at widely spaced intervals in the endless skies over the Atlantic. Considering the great progress made in air travel in the last thirty-seven years, one naturally speculates on the possibilities of the future. With aircraft already flying at a thousand miles an hour, how long will it be before we speak of New York and back in a day?



# ESKIMO CARVING: STRIKING SCULPTURE BY THE "RODINS" OF THE ARCTIC.



ONE OF 100 CARVINGS BY EASTERN ARCTIC ESKIMOS WHICH ARE BEING EXHIBITED IN EUROPE: A HUNTER, BY AN ESKIMO FROM THE SLEEPER ISLANDS.



AN ESKIMO HUNTER CRAWLING OVER THE ICE TO SPEAR A SEAL: A CARVING IN GREEN SOAP-STONE, BY ANAWAK, WHO IS HIMSELF A HUNTER FROM KOVIK, ON THE EAST COAST OF HUDSON BAY.



A STRIKING CARVING OF A POLAR BEAR STANDING ERECT IN THE FACE OF DANGER: BY AN UNKNOWN CARVER FROM POVUNGNETUK.



A HUNTER HOLDING A KNIFE. MOST OF THESE CARVINGS ARE MADE BY ESKIMO HUNTERS IN THEIR SPARE TIME AND ARE QUITE SMALL.



A LIVELY CARVING OF AN ESKIMO WOMAN: THE SOAP-STONE USED IS SOFT AND THE DETAILS ARE INCISED WITH A STEEL NEEDLE.



ARCTIC ANIMALS ARE A FAVOURITE SUBJECT WITH THESE ESKIMO HUNTER CARVERS: A SEAL LYING ON ITS SIDE, BY TIKEETUK, OF CAPE DORSET.



ISACEE, OF POVUNGNETUK, IS THE CARVER OF THIS MOST EFFECTIVE STUDY OF A HUNTER IN THE ACT OF HURLING A BOLAS-LIKE SNARE AT A BIRD.

An exhibition of some hundred pieces of carving by Eskimos from the Eastern Arctic regions of Canada is being sent round several European countries and will be shown in this country towards the end of 1957. Some pieces from this exhibition are illustrated on this page. These powerful carvings are quite small and are mostly made of a soft, green soap-stone, which is found in the Arctic. They are the work of Eskimo hunters and are made in their spare time, or when the weather will not allow them to leave their igloos. The

carvers are not interested in exhibiting their pieces; they carve for fun, and are often unwilling to show their work. Even the fact that high prices are now being paid in America and Canada for these carvings has not altered the Eskimos' attitude towards this work. Western artists have often found inspiration in the work of primitive natural artists. In the carvings of the Eskimo hunters they can find not only inspiration, but also a remarkably satisfying and interesting "contemporary" art form.

*Photographs reproduced by courtesy of The National Film Board of Canada.*



## SCULPTURE FROM THE ARCTIC: SOME VIGOROUS PIECES BY ESKIMO CARVERS.



A MAN PULLING A SEALSKIN LINE: A PIECE BY MUMUNGEE, OF KOGALIK RIVER, IN AN EXHIBITION OF ESKIMO CARVING AT PRESENT TOURING EUROPE.



THIS ESKIMO CRAFTSMAN HAS CHOSEN AS HIS SUBJECT A MAN USING A PRIMITIVE BOW-DRILL, WHICH IS ONE OF THE ESKIMO'S MAIN CARVING TOOLS.



A HUNTSMAN POISED ABOVE AN ICE-HOLE READY TO SPEAR HIS PREY: HERE THE ESKIMO CARVER HAS CAUGHT THE TENSENESS OF THE HUNT.

The Eskimos of the Eastern Arctic regions spend most of their time hunting the animals which provide their food, clothing and livelihood. At times when it is impossible to hunt, a favourite pastime is carving, and though this is done largely for amusement, the results are often most striking. Most of the carvings are made of soft, green soap-stone, and the principal tool used is a primitive knife made of a shard of scrap metal set in a bone handle. Other implements used are the bow-drill and a steel needle for drawing in the fine details. The



THERE IS GREAT FORCE IN THE SIMPLE LINES OF THIS SMALL ESKIMO CARVING WHICH COMPARES WELL WITH MANY PIECES OF ORIENTAL SCULPTURE.

art of carving is natural to the Eskimo, but in recent years wide interest has been shown in this work and high prices have been paid for it. The pieces shown on this page are among those included in an exhibition of Eskimo carving which is touring in several European countries, and will be seen in England towards the end of 1957. A favourite subject with the Eskimo carvers are the animals which they hunt. There is a belief that the Eskimo will succeed at the hunt if he has carved a good likeness of the animal which he seeks.

*Photographs reproduced by courtesy of The National Film Board of Canada.*





IN a recent review of "The Art of Crete," by Christian Zervos, I drew attention to the superb photographs and to the pains which had been taken to present the reader not merely with a multitude of things but with the landscape in which they were made and used. One of the many virtues of this Phaidon book\* on the architecture, sculpture and painting of some 3000 years of Egyptian civilisation are the many photographs specially taken by Dr. Max Hirmer; these have been done with obvious affectionate understanding and leave one in no doubt that however good the camera, what really matters is the man who is handling it. The text is by Dr. Kurt Lange, who, in addition to a book on Greek vases, has written others about Egypt, and his introduction almost persuades us that Egypt invented the Welfare State and had solved the problem of the Good Life by the Third Millennium before Christ, with such loving if somewhat mystic enthusiasm does he present the evidence. There are 224 plates in monochrome and 20 in colour, all but a few—and those of sculpture from museums—taken by Dr. Hirmer's camera; these are discussed in considerable detail in a lengthy section in the last pages which also contains some admirable plans of buildings.

Perhaps the main theme of the book can best be summed up in the following quotation:

It is as if a kind of Ariadne's thread guided us through the monumental labyrinth of an immense historical development—monuments which have excited the admiration of all succeeding generations and which cannot fail to impress even the spoilt children of the twentieth century, accustomed to fantastic technical achievements of every kind. At almost every bend of the Nile there rise before our eyes towering stone witnesses to a proud past dating back many thousands of years. Witnesses which challenge us to a more profound historical study and, in their timeless majesty, leave a lasting imprint on the minds of those who, before seeing them, have paid little attention to the heritage of antiquity.

I suppose that most of us, while we admire, find it extraordinarily difficult to come to terms with these gifted people if only because the monuments they have left behind them are so numerous and impressive; there is besides their obsession with death which seems to us excessive and verging on hysteria. Moreover, as dynasty succeeds dynasty over this enormous stretch of time, we are liable to see only a long vista of god-kings with incomprehensible names advertising their power by means of colossal buildings and funerals of unparalleled extravagance. The legend they built up for themselves by this means, however wonderful, is decidedly forbidding. We see them engaged in ritual, in killing their enemies, in placating the gods, in announcing their greatness.

We have to look further to visualise them as human beings—to wall paintings rather than to sculpture to see them feasting and adorning themselves, and to numerous writings to understand the lofty ideals they set themselves; the honourable place assigned to women by 2500 B.C., for example: "When thou hast achieved something and founded a household, love thy wife in thy house as is seemly. Care for her bodily needs, clothe her back; ointments for the care of her body are a balsam for her limbs. Gladden her heart, so long as thou livest." There is this, too, very close to earth: "Rebuke not a woman in

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ANCIENT EGYPT.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

her house, if thou knowest that she is capable. Say not to her: Where is that? Bring it to me! If she has put it in its right place. Let thine eye look, whilst thy tongue remains silent, so that thou canst appreciate her good deeds." As neither King David nor King Solomon 2000 or so years

later practised what they preached, we need not deduce from this that the ancient Egyptians were models of virtue every day, but this and other evidence would seem to justify Dr. Lange's opinion, rather clumsily expressed, that "if we can only free ourselves from current prejudices, we perceive when we study the sources, that from the earliest times a sense of fittingness and integrity was an Egyptian characteristic. Everywhere there emerges a tolerant way of thinking, averse to the violent or the drastic, which has a congenial bourgeois touch, with a delicate respect for social propriety and the need for restraint. It is all these qualities that distinguish the inhabitants of the Nile Valley . . . from many of the conquering peoples who later played a rôle in the history of the eastern Mediterranean countries." (He is, by the way, talking of the past, not the present.)

Amid so many splendid photographs I was particularly attracted by the series 164-174 illustrating the paintings and reliefs in the unfinished tomb of the Vizier Ramose at Thebes. These reliefs are familiar to the most casual amateur, but it is good to see them so finely reproduced. It is a noble style in which, as the note says, "type and personality are wonderfully balanced . . . those who have a feeling for art will always consider this achievement as one of the most perfect artistic realisations of humanity." This statement rather begs the question, for who is to say who has a feeling for art? I know one man who says he has a wonderful feeling for art and asserts that the Matisse bronzes now at the Tate are much finer than the Parthenon frieze. These beautiful Egyptian seated figures, which date from 1000 years before Phidias, seem about to burst the formal hieratic bonds imposed by an age-old convention and move as freely as the Greeks. It is also good to be reminded that the lovely painted bust of Queen Nofretete is merely a workshop model from the model store of the sculptor,

Thutmosis, and that the experimentally inlaid eye consists of a piece of rock crystal on a flat paste of black wax. Readers of *The Illustrated London News* of the 1920's will be reminded of the discovery of the tomb of King Tutankhamen by some excellent detailed plates, and the historian of social custom will be intrigued by certain slate cosmetics palettes which between 3000 and 2778 B.C. had become ritual objects.

The author notes how "lovers of ancient Egypt cannot help regretting that in particular the celebrated Rameses II"—he was almost a modern monarch, reigning from 1301-1235, and as obsessed by the building mania as was Louis XIV, who reigned longer, seventy-two years—"never lost an opportunity of imprinting his own ideas on older sacred buildings by building a court in front of them, or at least by covering them with his own inscriptions and statues. His exaggerated self-consciousness of his status as god-king frequently pushes into the background, in a most uncalled-for way, the more delicate and tranquil elements, even if it does not completely suppress them." Even Dr. Lange becomes impatient at times with these self-advertising tycoons!

While it is no doubt true that to appreciate Egyptian art to the full one must see the country and visit temples and tombs, the camera can sometimes show us more, or, rather, enable us to see the essence of a particular thing by giving us the opportunity of studying it in tranquillity. The portrait heads, for example, seem to me particularly revealing; there are many of them, but I would suggest a comparison of the late period head of the Viceroy Mentemhet (Plate 235) with that of Ra'nufet (Plate 64). The latter lived during the fifth dynasty (2563-2423 B.C.), the former during the twenty-fifth, 1800 years later. It is astonishing how sensitive the sculptor has been in each case, and how living was his craft during that vast interval.



ONE OF THE "REVEALING" PORTRAIT HEADS ILLUSTRATED IN THE BOOK UNDER REVIEW: RA'NUFET, HIGH PRIEST OF MEMPHIS, IN A FIFTH DYNASTY LIMESTONE CARVING FROM HIS GRAVE AT SAQQARA. (Height of figure, 70 ins.) (Cairo Museum.)



AN EGYPTIAN MASTERPIECE OF THE TWELFTH DYNASTY: A GREY GRANITE STATUE OF PRINCESS SENUI, FROM KERMA, IN NUBIA. THIS FINE STATUE, WHICH WAS PROBABLY CARVED IN THE COURT WORKSHOPS, IS ILLUSTRATED IN THE NEW PHAIDON BOOK, "EGYPT," BY K. LANGE AND M. HIRMER, WHICH IS REVIEWED BY FRANK DAVIS. (Height, 66 ins.) (Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.)

Illustrations reproduced from "Egypt," by courtesy of the publishers, Phaidon Press.

\* "Egypt—Architecture, Sculpture, Painting in Three Thousand Years." Text by Dr. Kurt Lange and Photographs by Dr. Max Hirmer. 244 Illustrations, 20 of them in Colour. (Phaidon Press; 50s.)



# PICTURES BY OLD MASTERS AT UNDER £200.



"ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST PREACHING IN THE WILDERNESS," BY DOMENICO PULIGO (1475-1527): IN AGNEW'S EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS AT UNDER £200. (Oil on canvas; 28 by 24 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH," AN EARLY PORTRAIT BY J. RUSSELL, R.A. (1745-1806), WHO LATER WORKED PRINCIPALLY IN PASTEL. (Signed and dated 1769.) (Oil on canvas; 70 by 41 ins.)

## AN ANNUAL EVENT IN A LONDON GALLERY.



"MRS. HANNAH MARIA EDMUNDS," BY J. S. WEBSTER (DIED 1796), WHO PRACTISED AS A PORTRAIT PAINTER IN LONDON. THERE ARE FIFTY-ONE WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION OF "PICTURES BY OLD MASTERS AT UNDER £200," WHICH CONTINUES UNTIL THE MIDDLE OF SEPTEMBER. (Oil on canvas; 49 by 39 ins.)



"THE ENTRANCE TO PORTSMOUTH," BY T. WHITCOMBE (1763-1834), A REGULAR EXHIBITOR AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (Oil on canvas; 23 by 36 ins.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH A WATERMILL," A STRIKING LANDSCAPE PAINTING BY G. SMITH (OF CHICHESTER) (1714-1776). (Oil on canvas; 22 by 31 ins.)



(Left.) "THE QUAY," BY A. C. BEGEYN (1638-1697). BORN AT LEYDEN, HE ENDED HIS SUCCESSFUL CAREER AS COURT PAINTER AT BERLIN, WHERE HE DIED. (Oil on canvas; 25 by 31 ins.)

(Right.) "COLONEL GEORGE SMITH OF BURNHALL," BY J. WRIGHT (OF DERBY) (1734-1797). THIS ARTIST STUDIED IN LONDON, TRAVELLED IN ITALY, AND THEN, AFTER TWO YEARS IN BATH, SETTLED AGAIN IN HIS NATIVE CITY OF DERBY. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 25 ins.)



Since the war Messrs. Agnew's have annually arranged an exhibition in their Galleries at 43, Old Bond Street, of "Pictures by Old Masters at under £200." Their current exhibition under this title shows, as its predecessors have done, that a dealer can still provide collectors with a wide selection of good paintings, often by well-known artists, at relatively low prices. In this exhibition they range from £21 to the top price of £195. One of the most

striking pictures to be seen is the John Russell portrait. This is an early work by an artist who later built up a very considerable reputation for his pastel portraits, a number of which are now to be seen at the National Portrait Gallery. He was elected A.R.A. in 1772 and R.A. in 1788. In the following year he became Painter to George III. In 1792 he bore the title "Painter to the King and Prince of Wales, and also to the Duke of York."



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## AN OLD FRIEND TAKES CHARGE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IT must have been twenty years or more since I had grown *Coronilla cappadocica*, an easy, good-natured rock-garden plant

of which I have always held a good opinion. But it was one of the many, many good plants which somehow failed to accompany me when I migrated ten years ago from Hertfordshire to my present Cotswold home. However, three years ago I bought a young specimen in a small pot, and planted it out on a raised rocky bed, supported by a little stone wall, facing due south, and there, despite the crude, stiff soil that it is in, it has spread itself out, and flowered gloriously. In general effect, the plant is roughly like a magnified edition of our native Bird's-foot Trefoil, *Lotus corniculatus*, with thick-

textured pinnate leaves, and umbels of very handsome golden blossoms, which are arranged, radiating in a neat circle, with the standards of the vetch-like flowers meeting at a common centre and forming a charming symmetrical wheel pattern. It was not until this summer that I noticed this distinctive arrangement of the flower-heads. In one direction this *Coronilla* falls short of the charm of our native Bird's-foot Trefoil, or "Shoes and Stockings," as it is called by children in some parts of the country. The little trefoil, not content with its golden blossoms, goes gay by producing a sprinkling of bright orange-red flowers. Sometimes there are a few of these, mixed with the gold on one head, whilst occasionally there will be whole umbels of all orange-red. If only *Coronilla cappadocica* would adopt this colour scheme what a glorious plant it would be! As it is, however, it is a fine decorative thing for covering a sunny slope quickly, and providing a truly brilliant display of pure gold in June-July and early August. My own specimen has taken charge and spread a trifle too widely to suit one or two less exuberant neighbours. But that will be remedied directly its flowering is over. I shall gather up its trailing stems and cut them back ruthlessly, and it is not the sort of plant to take umbrage at this treatment, and as far as my experience goes, it is not one of those horror-plants which are forever plunging about under ground, and erupting all over the place, where least expected and least wanted. All it needs is an Eton crop from time to time, and a sunny slope down which to tumble.

The ground below the *Coronilla* is a piece of self-appointed wild gardening which has given me a lot of pleasure and satisfaction. It is a rough triangle of limestone gravel path, between the wall of the house and the out-jutting raised rocky bed. Here two or three self-sown pinks cropped up a few years ago. They are rather poor, pale-pink singles of the Cheddar pink persuasion, and have spread into silver-grey mats several feet across, upon which my dog *George* delights to lie and bask in the sun. However, as it keeps him from sleeping upon choicer plants, I have left



"PROVIDING A TRULY BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF PURE GOLD IN JUNE-JULY AND EARLY AUGUST": *CORONILLA CAPPADOCICA* GROWING IN THE GARDEN OF MR. ELLIOTT'S HOME IN THE COTSWOLDS WITH SELF-SOWN PINKS, *CAMPANULAS* AND *LINARIAS* BELOW.

than to grow in a gravel path, or in the crumbly mortar on the top of an old wall. In such places, or in any sunny spot on the rock garden the plant will colonise, self-sowing about, and making close grey mats 6 ins. or so across which in summer are gay with heads of typical toad-flax flowers like tiny spurred snapdragons, varying in colour from pale lavender to deep violet, and pale pink to rose. This summer a solitary white-flowered specimen has cropped up. I collected seeds of this charming little plant in the mountains above Covadonga in the Picos de Europa range in Northern Spain in 1938.

I cannot now remember how I came by its name, but rather think that a friend who had been to Covadonga and seen *Linaria faucicola* there, had advised me to look out for it. However it was, I was given the name, accepted

and used it in good faith, in spite of the fact that I was later told quite categorically by a young nurseryman that the name was incorrect. I forget in what details he said my plant differed from what he held was the true *faucicola*. I rather think it was something to do with the golden lips—the true thing being without this embellishment. I stuck to the name I had been given originally. Then a week or two ago I was again told definitely and emphatically that I was wrong in calling it *faucicola*, and although this was by an "expert" in whom I had no faith at all, I decided to take counsel at the highest level, the very highest, and settle the matter once and for all. I sent specimens of my plant, all the shades of colour except the white, to a botanist of world-wide experience, who has access to every herbarium and written source of information imaginable. As I hoped and expected, my *Linaria* really is *L. faucicola*, and agrees with specimens previously collected at Covadonga. Apparently it is a very variable species, but my plant comes within the range of variation. It is allied to the well-known *Linaria alpina*, but is larger and rather looser in habit, with flowers considerably larger, and naturally more varied in colour, and I have found it a better garden plant, establishing itself permanently by self-sowing on any ground that it likes. Unfortunately, this useful and attractive annual has not, as far as I know, found its way into commerce. But it assuredly will before very long. Good annual alpine suitable for the rock garden are all too few. Off-hand I can only think of *Linaria alpina* and *Papaver alpinum*. There are, of course, a great many dwarf annuals, both hardy and half-hardy, which often find their way into what I call "liquorice all-sorts" rock gardens,



A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF *CORONILLA CAPPADOCICA*: A PLANT WITH

"UMBELS OF VERY HANDSOME GOLDEN BLOSSOMS, WHICH ARE ARRANGED RADIATING IN A NEAT CIRCLE, WITH THE STANDARDS OF THE VETCH-LIKE FLOWERS MEETING AT A COMMON CENTRE AND FORMING A CHARMING SYMMETRICAL WHEEL PATTERN."

Photographs by Peter Pritchard.

where a few real Alpine plants are grown and made to look like dowdy poor relations among jazzed-out Mesembryanthemums, Gazaneas, annual Iberis, hybrid bedding Verbenas, and any other plants which are bright and dwarfish. In such rock gardens real Alpines are surely out of place, for not only do the gay annuals make them look almost dowdy, but the Alpines retaliate by making the annuals look brash and vulgar. However, as long as the owners of such incongruities are not aware of the position, and as long as I am not expected to admire when I have the misfortune to stray into the precincts, I am not complaining.

### A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM

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# SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



**RETURNING HOME AFTER THEIR VISIT TO BRITAIN: THE DANISH ROYAL FAMILY.** On August 2, the Danish Royal Family left London in the Royal yacht *Dannebrog* for Denmark. Seen aboard, with their parents, are l. to r., Princess Benedikte, Princess Anne-Marie and Princess Margrethe, the Heir Presumptive.



**MARRIED IN GERMANY: PRINCESS CHRISTINA OF HESSE, A NIECE OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.**

The church wedding of Princess Christina of Hesse, a niece of the Duke of Edinburgh, to Prince Andrej of Yugoslavia, the brother of ex-King Peter, took place on August 2 at Kronberg Castle, near Frankfurt.



**FIRST SUDANESE AMBASSADOR IN LONDON: MR. A. SATTI.**

Mr. Awad Satti, Director of Education in the Sudan since 1953, is to be the first Sudanese Ambassador in London, it was announced on July 13. He was to present his letters of credence to the Queen on August 8. Mr. Satti was formerly a lecturer in mathematics at Gordon College (soon to become Khartoum University).



**AN ALPINE FATALITY: MR. T. BOURDILLON.**

On July 29 Mr. Thomas Bourdillon was killed, together with a companion, Mr. Viney, while climbing in the Swiss Alps. Mr. Bourdillon was a research scientist and the oxygen apparatus specialist on the successful 1953 Everest expedition.



**ALSO KILLED IN THE ALPS: MR. R. VINEY.**

Mr. Richard Viney was killed in an accident while climbing in the Swiss Alps with Mr. Bourdillon on July 29. The two men were on a climbing holiday with two other British Alpinists, Mr. J. Tyson and the Hon. Roger Chorley.



**THE NEW B.S.A. CHAIRMAN: MR. J. Y. SANGSTER.**

Mr. J. Y. Sangster became chairman of the B.S.A. Company following the removal from the Board of Sir Bernard Docker on May 31. At the meeting of shareholders on August 1, Sir Bernard's attempt at reinstatement was defeated.



**C.P.S. APPOINTMENT: MR. J. R. Y. JOHNSTON.**

Mr. J. R. Y. Johnston has been appointed managing director of Canadian Pacific Steamships as from August 1. Mr. Johnston played a leading part in designing the United States special cargo ships used for the Normandy beach landings.



**THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB MEDAL PRESENTED TO ENGLISH MUSICIANS: DR. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (L) AND SIR A. BOULT (R).**

Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (left) and Sir Adrian Boult (right) were presented with the Harvard Glee Club medal, for outstanding contributions to choral music, at the Bedford College for Women, in London, on July 31. The presentation was made by Prof. Woodworth (centre), conductor of the Glee Club.



**INSPECTING MOYANA'S TROPHY: THE MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON, MRS. K. E. CAWTE, AT THE CIVIC RECEPTION GIVEN TO THE CADETS.**

The Mayor of Southampton, Mrs. K. E. Cawte, seen here with Cadet Fewtrell, whose courage during the last hours of the *Moyana*, when he stayed at the wheel until the end, has been commended, presided at a civic luncheon given on July 31, for the cadets rescued from the ketch, which had won the Torbay to Lisbon sailing race. (See also pages 224-225.)

# PEOPLE AND OCCASIONS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**PRESENTING THE CRANWELL SWORD OF HONOUR: FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY.** Field Marshal Lord Montgomery was the reviewing officer at the passing-out parade of No. 68 Entry, R.A.F. College, Cranwell, on July 31, and presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under-Officer J. H. Constable.



**DEFEATED IN HIS BID FOR REINSTATEMENT AS MANAGING DIRECTOR OF B.S.A.: SIR B. DOCKER WITH LADY DOCKER.**

On August 1 Sir Bernard Docker was defeated in his attempt to persuade the shareholders of the Birmingham Small Arms Company to reinstate him as managing director at an extraordinary general meeting.



**NEW ALLIED C.-IN-C. IN EUROPE: GENERAL VALLUY.**

General Jean-Etienne Valluy will succeed Marshal Juin as C.-in-C., Allied Forces Central Europe on October 1, it was announced by General Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, on August 2. General Valluy has been French representative on the N.A.T.O. standing group in Washington for the past three years.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



"THE eland, from its unwieldy bulk, is readily captured. The importance of this antelope will be at once appreciated when it is mentioned that not only is its flesh of the most palatable and nutritious character, but experiments have recently established the fact that it will readily breed in this country. When it is added, moreover, that several are now thriving in the parks of English noblemen, and that a single individual weighs from 1500 to 2000 lb., it will be easily understood that the day may not be far distant when the eland will become permanently domesticated in this country, and supply wholesome food, at least to the table of the wealthy. At one time elands were abundant in the immediate neighbourhood of Cape Town, but now very few are found within the borders of the colony. Considering the facilities that exist for their destruction, and the gentle disposition of the animal, every effort should be made to follow up the experiments of domestication so successfully commenced by the Zoological Society."

This quotation is from the "National Encyclopædia," undated but apparently published towards the end of the last century. It is of interest to compare it with a concluding paragraph in an article, published in 1951, by R. Verheyen in "*Contribution à l'Etude Ethologique des Mammifères du Parc National de l'Upemba*." Translated, it reads: "Considering their non-aggressive nature, their strongly gregarious tendencies, their weakly developed maternal instinct, the absence of marked hostility between the males during the breeding season, their rapid growth and ability to fatten up, we regard this species as well-suited to domestication." Yet the fact remains that the eland has not been domesticated. On the contrary, there has been a marked reduction in its numbers throughout its range, and in parts of that range it has been extinguished.

Eland are the largest of the group of hoofed animals known as antelopes. A well-grown bull may stand 6 ft. at the shoulder and weigh nearly a ton. They differ from all other antelopes in that both sexes carry horns, those of the cows being longer but thinner. These are spirally-twisted, directed upwards and outwards in the line of the face. There is a pronounced dewlap, and a humped back; and the tail is tufted. The calf has a light golden coat of silky hair, which changes to pale fawn or bluish-grey, the bluish colour being characteristic of old individuals. There is a tendency for the coat to be marked with a number of white vertical stripes.

Any description of colouring is, however, conditioned by the wide distribution, over South and East Africa, and the existence of several races, differing mainly in details of colour and markings.

These massive antelopes subsist on grass as well as browsing leaves and tender shoots of trees. The bulls, more especially, are said to have the trick of snapping off small branches by holding them in the "V" formed by the horns and breaking them with a quick twist of the head. Feeding is mainly at night. During the day the habit is to lie up in cover, not so much as a protection from enemies, but to escape the heat. The enemies of the eland, apart from man, are relatively few. Lions will take the young, or occasionally the

### ELAND IGNORED.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

adult, but leopards, wild dogs and hyenas take only the young ones.

The herd usually numbers seventeen to twenty individuals, but may be as many as 100. The family group consists of a bull with two to four cows and their young, and two or more such groups may join. The safety of the group lies



POWERFULLY BUILT AND WITH STOUT HORNS: THE ELAND, WHICH, IN SPITE OF ITS SIZE, IS REMARKABLY DOCILE. ALTHOUGH CLASSIFIED AS AN ANTELOPE, IT HAS SOMETHING OF THE BUILD OF CATTLE AND THERE HAVE BEEN INSTANCES OF INTERBREEDING WITH DOMESTIC CATTLE.



THE LARGEST OF THE ANTELOPES: THE ELAND, WHICH WAS FORMERLY ABUNDANT OVER LARGE AREAS OF SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA, IS A WELL-GROWN ANIMAL STANDING 6 FT. AT THE SHOULDER AND WEIGHING NEARLY A TON. BOTH SEXES CARRY HORNS.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

mainly in watchfulness and the system of warning given by the bull. At the first sign of danger, the bull trots away from the rest, stops and turns broadside on them. Then he comes back on his tracks, repeating the manoeuvre until he has attracted their attention. Then all make off, with the bull leading, in headlong flight, the rest following the leader blindly. In the course of this, a gravid female or a very young calf that cannot maintain the pace of the rest is left behind, to make the best it can of a poor situation. In such a flight there is evidenced the low level of

maternal instinct referred to by Verheyen. The mother seeks safety in flight, the calf must look after itself.

It seems fairly certain that the numbers of eland were formerly great, although it is difficult to gain any precise idea of these from existing records. The reduction in these numbers during the past century is, equally certainly, not the result of natural causes. It is the outcome of hunting, particularly with the use of modern firearms, and of various outbreaks of disease springing from the introduction of domestic stock. In other words, the eland could stand up to ordinary predation, by lions, leopards and the rest, in spite of a slow rate of multiplication. The period of gestation is eight-and-a-half to nine months and there is one calf at a birth. In spite of the eland's massive stature, however, and of its powerful horns, it seems to have preserved itself by timely flight rather than by positive means of defence.

The horns are up to 37 ins. long in the male, and up to 39½ ins. in the female. They tend to be shorter in the older bulls, worn down by the habit of rubbing them on branches or the trunks of trees. Apart from their use in breaking off branches, already noted, the small amount of internecine fighting consists of locking the horns, with the two partisans to the fight endeavouring to twist the opponent's neck. On occasion, also, cows with calves, brought to bay, have impaled dogs on their horns. Even so, these powerful antelopes prefer to run away rather than fight. All writers agree on their docility, which is merely another aspect of this same characteristic. For this, and in spite of their bulk, they have the advantage of a surprising agility. Not only can

they achieve a fair turn of speed, up to 40 miles an hour having been recorded, but eland show their antelope affinities by occasionally breaking into a bounding method of progression, taking 6-ft. leaps into the air as they go.

Other features of the habits of the eland should have recommended it for domestication. Although their typical habitat is the plains, with bush or tree cover, they are also at home in forests. Their food may be grass and the seeds of the same, or foliage and green branches. They will descend to the valleys or ascend to high altitudes, up to 15,000 ft. having been noted. Further, they are able to go several days without water, and, indeed, one of the areas in southern Africa where they have survived is in the Kalahari Desert, where the water supply is derived from the succulents. In considering only the supply of meat, there is, in addition to this adaptability in habitat and means of subsistence, the further point that

the yield from eland would be high relative to the destruction of pasturage itself. One of the causes of desert or semi-desert areas is the herding of small animals, such as sheep and goats, the hoofs of which cut up the turf, and this, with the close-cropping of the grass, imposes a severe limit upon the fertility of the area grazed. Yet eland have not been domesticated, although they have proved tractable enough in harness. It seems almost as if man, with a genius for taking animals to his own use, has passed by one of the most desirable for this purpose.



# THE LE MANS RACE; BOXING; A "BATTLE" IN JERSEY; NEW AIRCRAFT AND A LAUNCH.



AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: EX-SERVICEMEN OF THE "NOT FORGOTTEN" ASSOCIATION WATCHING SOME EXHIBITION BOXING.

On August 2 ex-Servicemen from twenty-two hospitals attended the 105th garden party and tea of the "Not Forgotten" Association at Buckingham Palace. The Scots Guards band was present, there was boxing, organised by Freddie Mills, and a Cabaret was given.



THE ANNUAL BATTLE OF FLOWERS IN JERSEY: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PROCESSION IN WHICH THERE WERE MANY INGENUOUSLY CONSTRUCTED FLOATS. CHILDREN IN GRASS SKIRTS CAN BE SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND.



A NEW HIGH-SPEED LAUNCH WHICH HAS BEEN UNDERGOING SEA TRIALS SINCE 1954 AND HAS ATTAINED A MAXIMUM SPEED OF 40 KNOTS. IT HAS BEEN USED FOR TESTING ROLLS-ROYCE GRIFFON ENGINES.



A TRIUMPH FOR BRITISH CARS: THE 24-HOUR LE MANS RACE SHOWING THE WINNING 3½-LITRE JAGUAR, WITH R. FLOCKHART AT THE WHEEL, CROSSING THE FINISHING LINE. SIX BRITISH CARS FINISHED IN THE FIRST TEN.



MAKING ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT: THE BRISTOL BRITANNIA 301, A LARGER, FASTER AND MORE POWERFUL VERSION OF THE BRITANNIA TURBO-PROP AIRLINER. On July 31 the Bristol Britannia 301 made its first flight at Filton airfield, near Bristol. It is the prototype of the Series 300 and 310 Britannias. Mr. Peter Masefield, the company's managing director, said that production versions of this Britannia would be delivered to airlines early next year for the Atlantic and other important routes.



PARTICULARLY INTENDED FOR SHORT, AND MEDIUM, RANGE OPERATIONS: A MODEL OF THE NEW DE HAVILLAND COMET 4A WHICH WILL BE IN PRODUCTION IN 1958. De Havillands have recently announced the introduction of the Comet 4A which is particularly intended for short, and medium, range operations, and will be in production at the end of 1958. Ten of these aircraft will be supplied to the U.S. company, Capital Airlines, who have placed a large order for Comet jet airliners.





# THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

## ANTIC HAYMAKING.

By ALAN DENT.

CIRCUMSTANCES have committed me to deal with two films which are really not my cup of tea at all. In "The Eddy Duchin Story" it is just possible for me to summon enough interest to be critical. But in "Rock Around the Clock" I am just as much at sea as I would be in the middle of a dance-hall at the height of its most up-to-date orgy of New Orleans music. My views, therefore, are practically worthless. But here they are!

The first off-putting thing about the first film is its title. They seem to think that the word "story" in a title guarantees its subject a universal appeal and popularity. We at home are improving in this respect. "Reach for the Sky" is not a very memorable title for a superlative film. But at least it avoids the pompous sentimentality of "The Bader Story," which was sensibly resisted. In Hollywood, on the other hand, "stories" abound, and it would not at all astonish me if they came eventually to film John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and called it "The Christian Story."

It appears that I ought to have been as aware as the rest of the world that Eddy Duchin was a brilliant cabaret pianist who was "tickling the ivories" at an age when most little boys are content to play marbles. He shot up like a meteor to become a pianist without whom New York night-life could hardly be said to exist. From the clothes we see and from the tunes we hear I gather that the Duchin Age was the early 'twenties, when I was a directionless student capable of humming, if not revolving, to such tunes as "Whispering" and "I Can't Give You Anything but Love" and "Good-night, Sweet-heart" and "Three O'Clock in the Morning."

Such ditties were the staple of the Duchin repertoire, though his most favoured tune of all—indeed, the theme-tune of the whole film—was Chopin's stickiest nocturne (Opus 9, No. 2, in E flat, as goes without saying) which Duchin appears to have played with infinite variations. It is a tune so hackneyed that Chopin may be said to satirise his own *Schwärmerei* in it, and this is exactly what Miss Lynn Fontanne so wittily did when she played the piano in the dark as the lovesick lady in the film of Molnar's "The Guardsmen" which she made with Mr. Lunt away back in 1932. (The Lunts nowadays affect to despise this, almost their only film. I only know that I would cross a dozen roads at the height of the rush-hour to see it again.)

But to our Duchin Story! He can do nothing wrong in his professional life. But his private life has its ups and downs. He would appear to have been a young man of quite humble station who had to learn how to comport himself in good society and to acquire the art of dressing all of a sudden, instead of acquiring such things gradually in the course of his upbringing. The Duchin origins are, in fact, kept deliberately obscure. But we do see him as a promising young musician at an evening party in a New York avenue, remote by several numbers from the avenue of his birth, so to speak. Here at first he tends to do the many little things that are not "done"—to thank over-effusively the waiter who offers refreshments, etc. And he is quite absurdly offended when his hostess gives him to know that he has been invited specifically to play the piano rather than to mingle and circulate.

However, in next to no time the Duchin boy is put at his ease by the gentle and understanding smile of the sweet but intensely socialite girl whom in next to no time he makes Mrs. Duchin. They are as happy as Tyrone Power and Kim Novak, playing together in closest harmony, can make them.

Death comes to Mrs. Duchin just after she has given birth to their first-born, Peter. Eddy,

broken-hearted, is unreasonable enough to plunge off on a lengthy tour and eventually to take up war-service without so much as setting eyes on this baby. He returns after five years to confront a staid little stranger who says:—"How do you do, Sir?" What could he expect? However, he does all that a belated father can do, and is delighted to note that Peter has inherited his

### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



KIM NOVAK, AS MARJORIE OELRICHS, AND TYRONE POWER, AS EDDY DUCHIN, IN COLUMBIA'S "THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY," PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD.

In making his choice this fortnight Alan Dent writes: "Tyrone Power and Kim Novak rolled into one—and for the most part they appear rolled into one in 'The Eddy Duchin Story'—add up to a single favourite star for the fortnight. They are a good-looking pair, and his Irish nose may be said to complement and enhance her excessively straight one. They have nothing very subtle to portray in this film excepting mutual devotion, which is cut short by her early death in childbirth. He carries on, thereafter, as a preternaturally dazzling cabaret-pianist with an easier style than most, and as a rather unsatisfactory and capricious parent to the babe till it grows up into a little boy with his father's penchant for the piano."



"HE RETURNS AFTER FIVE YEARS TO CONFRONT A STAIID LITTLE STRANGER": A POIGNANT SCENE FROM "THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY," IN WHICH EDDY DUCHIN (TYRONE POWER), HAVING RETURNED FROM THE WAR, MEETS HIS SON PETER (REX THOMPSON) FOR THE FIRST TIME. DUCHIN'S FUTURE SECOND WIFE CHIQUITA (VICTORIA SHAW, LEFT) AND MR. AND MRS. WADSWORTH (SHEPPERD STRUDWICK AND FRIEDA INESCORT) ARE LOOKING ON. (LONDON PREMIERE, JULY 7; LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE.)

father's "dizzy fingers." He is intrigued to note, further, that Peter has a nurse, an exile from England with the not-very-English name of Chiquita (Victoria Shaw). This somewhat arch and detached young person takes a possessive pride in the boy, and for a long time Mr. Duchin mistakes for a jealous resentment at his interfering presence what

turns out in the end to be nothing but step-motherly ambition.

Hereabouts the Duchin blood runs thin—literally, for our public hero's fingers suddenly disobey him and stiffen as a result of the oncoming of the blood-disease called leucæmia. The doctor condemns him to die within a year. But the self-sacrificing Chiquita tempers this blow with the avowal that she would rather be the Duchin wife for only a year than the wife of any other for a normal lifetime. So everybody—including the now quite friendly and forgiving Peter—is philosophically satisfied.

It would be priggish of me to decry "The Eddy Duchin Story." It is prolonged, plushy, and faintly preposterous (like the whole world of cabaret). But it is immensely what the public likes, and all-but-irresistibly unsubtle in its ways and means to make us sob. For a good example, we are shown how Master Peter came to love his father at last. We have already been shown the late Mrs. Duchin shrinking from gales and thunderstorms in nervous terror. It seems that Master Peter has inherited this phobia. And so one night when a storm breaks out he runs whimpering from his bed to find the nearest comforter, who happens to be his father blissfully asleep but not altogether unawakenable in the next room. So there you are, my boy, there you are, safe at last in the arms of your Dad!

Mr. Power gives an all-but-perfect illusion of possessing Duchin's dizzy fingers. We see these in close-up; we even see them mirrored in the plate-glass directly above the keyboard. The prestidigitation is not, of course, Mr. Power's, but his continuous smile and sway forbid us to imagine anything else. Miss Novak is ineffably pretty, especially on her death-bed. But Miss Shaw might learn, at her early stage, to display a little emotion without so manifestly and securely controlling any emotion that comes her way. "The Eddy Duchin Story," in short, leaves me comparatively serene and not at all exasperated and dissatisfied, perhaps because I like a little unabashed sentiment now and again, and even more because it is always a pleasure to hear the inoffensive little tunes connected with the pangs and pleasures of one's own adolescence.

With "Rock Around the Clock" it is a different and much more cacophonous story. A band-manager, at his wit's end to find a new attraction, discovers in an out-of-the-way village called Strawberry Springs a dance in progress to the wild strains of a "rock-and-roll" orchestra. Probably no reader needs me to tell him that this is the latest form of jazz or jive in which the dancers dance the jitterbug—which I had ignorantly imagined to be a quite an old-fashioned dance by this time—while the onlookers slowly clap hands more or less to the naïve rhythm of one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, and—eight; and so on, repeated for ever.

Aside from it all sit two old women and an angry old man all murmuring "Barbarous!" and "Disgraceful!" and doubtless representing the likes of me! The young folks jeer at this group intermittently, but are far more frequently employed in swinging their hips, rolling their eyes, and throwing one another at arm's length, and then with still more alarming rapidity the young man hurls the young woman across the floor between his widespread legs. The music-makers meanwhile look like active corybants and mænads. Perhaps I should consent to be amused at their

lunatic fevers if solemn criticism and appraisal of what they do were not creeping in no uncertain fashion into the very best newspapers and journals. Perhaps, if this were not so, I would weakly yield and join in the hand-clapping rhythm which seems to say jive, scat, hep, hop, skip, jump, rock 'n roll. Perhaps, but I think not.



# MADE SACROSANCT BY LEGEND AND PROTECTED BY THE CROWN: THE TOWER OF LONDON'S RAVENS.



MARCHING ORDERS: ONE OF THE TOWER RAVENS, KALA, RETREATS AT THE DOUBLE FROM THE ATTENTIONS OF THE RAVEN MASTER'S TERRIER.



ENJOYING A FAVOURITE OCCUPATION: KALA MAKING OFF WITH A PIECE OF "TREASURE" WHICH SHE HOPES TO BURY.



THE RAVENS' ROLL: KALA TRIES TO ASSIST THE RAVEN MASTER AS HE RECORDS HER NAME AND DETAILS IN THE OFFICIAL BOOK.



APPARENTLY READY TO TAKE OVER THE PARADE: A RAVEN STRUTS ACROSS THE LAWN DURING THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD CEREMONY IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE TOWER.



SANDWICH-TIME IS RAVEN TIME: ONE OF THE BIRDS APPROACHES SOME VISITORS TO THE TOWER, HOPING TO SHARE THEIR PICNIC.



TAKING HIS MEAT RATION FROM THE RAVEN MASTER: A RAVEN HAS HIS FOOD SERVED ON A PLATE.



PART OF THE DAILY ROUTINE: CORAX, ONE OF THE RAVENS, ENJOYING A SPLASH IN A SPECIAL BIRD-BATH PROVIDED FOR THE BIRDS' COMFORT.

It is generally supposed that the Crown Jewels are the most carefully-guarded of the treasures in the Tower of London and, indeed, they probably are, although seven birds, which are reputed to be evil-tempered, are watched over with almost as great a vigilance. These birds—the ravens which are so familiar to visitors—are protected by the Crown and a special allowance is made for their food. According to tradition, the fortress will fall and Great Britain itself suffer eclipse should the day come when the ravens are no longer within the precincts of the Tower. This legend about the ravens is supposed to date back to 1078, when the fortress, then consisting of the White Tower alone, was hemmed in by marshes and forests which were

inhabited by ravens. Even in those days soldiers dumped their left-over food, and this attracted the birds. Nobody paid much attention to these food-seekers until the reign of Charles II, when, so the story goes, enemies of the Crown tried to take the Tower. Then the ravens, which are notoriously mistrustful of strangers, set up such a noise that they alerted the sentries and thus saved the day. Since then ravens have been permanently "on the strength of the garrison," and except during a grim period of the bombing in World War II, when all but one raven disappeared, their numbers have not fallen. At present the Tower has seven ravens, which are in the care of Raven Master Johns, who feeds and tends them.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## THROUGH IRISH EYES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WE are soon to meet at Stratford-upon-Avon a "Measure For Measure" which will be Anthony Quayle's last production as one of the directors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre during an exceptionally full period in its history. I shall be going to Stratford later; at the moment I am thinking of the play for its prison setting, with Pompey's "Master Barnardine! You must rise and be hanged!"

That, in effect, is the cry throughout the Irish prison where Brendan Behan's play, "The Quare Fellow" (Comedy Theatre), is set. The period is the twenty-four hours before the execution of a man who is never seen, but who is always just out of sight, waiting. Although he is the principal character, we neither meet him nor hear him—and it is merciful that we do not. Instead, we hear him discussed by the warders and their charges, but in particular by the charges, the prisoners, the lags, the modern equivalents of young Dizzy, and Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey (the rapier-and-dagger man), and Master Forthright the tilter, and wild Halfcan that stabbed Pots. All are in this "famous prison... as true of Strangeways or Parkhurst as it is of Mountjoy."

We get to know them and their warders well; we are with them as the long day wanes, night falls, and "th' unfolding star calls up the shepherd." All is single-minded, desperately so: a man is to be hanged, and there is no hope of reprieve. Until the sentence is carried out, everyone in the prison feels the nerve-breaking strain.

This is neither my favourite theme nor my favourite play. But it would be false to deny that "The Quare Fellow" has a ghoulish power. One loathes, yet one listens. Mr. Behan's document has been observed closely, written pungently. The Irish idiom helps, though nobody (I hope) would begin to put "The Quare Fellow" in the same class as O'Casey's tragicomedies. Even so, unless this is a surprising freak, the dramatist ought to have more plays in him. The current piece sounds like the work of a natural dramatic talker. Brendan Behan and his Theatre Workshop producer, Joan Littlewood, have seen it as a set of fragmentary conversations, intricately contrived without appearing to be. It is not the usual form of close-knit plotting. The dramatist has no artificial plot. He is creating atmosphere, and he does that by presenting the daily life of the prison in flow.

Miss Littlewood has aided him here with grouping that may look fortuitous, but that is clearly planned with great care. "I did not write this play," says Mr. Behan; "the lags wrote it." Perhaps; but the dramatist selected, his producer heightened, and the cast has interpreted.

It is not a play I want to see again, but it is an experience to have once, and the actors serve their dramatist loyally. We get some of the atmosphere in certain lines from "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," though the ballad has no suggestion of Mr. Behan's unpromising incidental mirth:

The moaning wind  
went wandering  
round  
The weeping prison-  
wall,  
Till like a wheel of  
turning steel  
We felt the minutes  
crawl;  
O moaning wind!  
what had we done  
To have such a  
seneschal?...

And at length:

With sudden shock,  
the prison-clock  
Smote on the shiver-  
ing air,  
And from all the jail  
rose up a wail  
Of impotent despair...

(Though in Mr. Behan's play the end is prelude by a grim running commentary.) Maxwell Shaw, who begins as the most cheerful of prisoners, and who becomes an unpleasant Chief Warder—one of the "doubles" familiar

in Theatre Workshop—is as prominent as any of the visible actors; but the general effect of a macabre piece is due to team-playing and to the work of Mr. Behan and Miss Littlewood.

Recently, Theatre Workshop took to the Paris Festival a less impressive production, "The Good Soldier Schweik." I saw this only in London; but I did see in Paris the Birmingham Repertory Theatre's "Cæsar and Cleopatra," which followed "Schweik" at the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt. (G.B.S. was represented twice during the Festival, once by a company from Dublin in "Candida.")

Birmingham's "Cæsar" has now reached the Old Vic at the close of the Shaw centenary month. No one acquainted with modern stage history should be surprised by its command. French critics, in praising production and performance, were repeating, in effect, what we have said so often of Birmingham Repertory plays in the past. We can trust Sir Barry Jackson. This "Cæsar and Cleopatra," directed by Douglas Seale, is first-rate, and I have no intention of hedging. I shall remember it for several scenes, and especially for the moment—following the Ra prologue—when, after the strange airs of the windswept harp of Memnon, Cæsar comes towards a sphinx where the girl Cleopatra sleeps between the paws upon a bed of poppies. It is not, by the way, the great Sphinx. Cleopatra makes it clear: "This is only a dear little kitten of a sphinx. Why, the great Sphinx is so big that it has a temple between its paws."

The Cleopatra is herself a kitten, a child-queen face to face with a great man. It says much for Shaw that he keeps us aware, in these characters, of the Cleopatra that will be, the Julius Cæsar that is. Maurice Colbourne spoke of "Shavian Cæsar," and it is true that there is a good deal of Shaw's own personal wit and philosophy in the part. The man is idealised, as it were, in Shaw's image. Doreen Aris and Geoffrey Bayldon act the parts with an effect that Paris critics (ever forthright) recognised generously; and one thinks also of Nancie Jackson as the terrifying Ftata-teeta who cannot be treated with mild naturalism; Ronald Hines as Rufio, and Kenneth Mackintosh in the Ra prologue with its opening line that pleased Paris so much, "Be silent and hearken unto me, ye quaint little islanders."

There is, of course, Britannus. He is Shaw's favourite joke, one Shakespeare did not disdain ("Twill not be seen in him there," said the Grave-digger; "There the men are as mad as he"). Bernard Hepton, tall, solemn, drooping-moustached, is just, I think, what Shaw would have wished. The producer has supplied him with a despatch-case, and the dear man is plainly a light of the Civil Service. A friend was reminded of "Beachcomber's" O. Thake: I cannot put up a more credible suggestion.

It is a play of character rather than action. Shaw imagined his people vividly; but during the rush-and-scurry of the middle acts he could not imagine those complicated manoeuvres in communicable stage terms. Never mind that: I find that "Cæsar and Cleopatra" grows upon one the more often it is visited. Verbally, it has always been a rich Shavian chronicle; the company presents it as it should be spoken and acted.

Not long ago we noticed a new topicality in the Cyprus speeches ("Cyprus is no use to anybody," says Pothinus), and now Egypt is in the picture. "Heed my words well," said Ra in the prologue, to a suddenly-laughing house at the Vic première, "for Pompey went where ye have gone, even to Egypt."



"THE CLEOPATRA IS HERSELF A KITTEN, A CHILD-QUEEN FACE TO FACE WITH A GREAT MAN": DOREEN ARIS, AS CLEOPATRA, AND GEOFFREY BAYLDON, AS CÆSAR, IN BERNARD SHAW'S "CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA" (OLD VIC).



"VERBALLY, IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN A RICH SHAVIAN CHRONICLE; THE COMPANY PRESENTS IT AS IT SHOULD BE SPOKEN AND ACTED": "CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA," PLAYED BY SIR BARRY JACKSON'S BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY COMPANY AT THE OLD VIC, SHOWING A SCENE IN CLEOPATRA'S PALACE.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE QUARE FELLOW" (Comedy).—He is about to be hanged. We never see him; but there can be no other topic in the Dublin gaol during the twenty-four hours before the execution. It is a grim play, with some grim laughter: clearly the work of a natural writer, though we shall have to see what else the single-minded Brendan Behan can do. Theatre Workshop cast: producer, Joan Littlewood. (July 24.)

"CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA" (Old Vic).—Sir Barry Jackson's Birmingham Repertory Company, under Douglas Seale, and with Geoffrey Bayldon and Doreen Aris as Cæsar and Cleopatra, shows the strength of a major Repertory Theatre. Paris has already applauded with understandable warmth. (July 30.) "DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE" (Victoria Palace).—As a play this time: I will return to it later. (July 30.)

"THE LONG ECHO" (St. James's).—Joyce Redman in a new drama by Lesley Storm. (August 1.)



## FROM OTHER LANDS: NEWS EVENTS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



WRECKED IN RECENT EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS IN BURMA: A PAGODA IN SAGAING, NEAR MANDALAY, WHERE TEN DEATHS WERE REPORTED. Earthquake shocks of varying intensity occurred in central and upper Burma on July 16 and 17. In Sagaing, some ten miles from Mandalay across the Irrawaddy, a pagoda was wrecked and buildings nearby collapsed, killing ten people and injuring fifteen.



A SIT-DOWN STRIKE IN SEOUL: LEGISLATORS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF KOREA PROTESTING AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT'S "DENIAL" OF THE PEOPLE'S RIGHT TO CONTEST ELECTIONS FOR PUBLIC OFFICES.



IN MALAYA: SIR DONALD MACGILLIVRAY, HIGH COMMISSIONER SPRINKLING HOLY WATER ON BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM DURING THE WEDDING OF THE SULTAN OF KEDAH'S SON AND THE SULTAN OF SELANGOR'S DAUGHTER.



HERALDING LESS NOISE ON THE PARIS METRO: NEW PNEUMATIC WHEELS WHICH ARE BEING FITTED TO THE TRAINS. HORIZONTAL WHEELS TURN AGAINST TRACKS SET AT RIGHT-ANGLES TO THE RAILS, THUS KEEPING THE COACH STEADY.



IN GERMANY: U.S. AND GERMAN AIR FORCE OFFICERS SIGNING TAKING-OVER DOCUMENTS FOR FORTY-NINE U.S. AIRCRAFT. On July 30 forty-nine United States Air Force training aircraft were handed over to the new West German Air Force at Erding Air Base, near Munich. It was the first big delivery to the new Luftwaffe under the United States-West German mutual defence assistance agreement.



SHOWN IN VIENNA ON JULY 30: NEW AUSTRIAN ARMY UNIFORMS WHICH HAVE OPEN-FRONT COLLARS INSTEAD OF THE PREVIOUS HIGH ONES. THE UNIFORMS SHOWN ARE (L. TO R.) A CAPTAIN, A MASTER SERGEANT, AN INFANTRY PRIVATE (FIRST CLASS) AND AN ARMOURD CORPS CORPORAL.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

NOVELS of action—thrillers, adventure stories, and most period or state-of-the-world novels—tend to be surface craft, ballasted with a minimum of received ideas. Of course they may have theses, which are equally superficial; but one can rarely feel they have much below the waterline, let alone that the bulk of their reality is submerged. To-day, however, there is at least one historical novelist who sees and treats action as an iceberg, mainly out of view. In "*Band of Angels*," by Robert Penn Warren (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 18s.), the events (to change the metaphor) have as usual a soul of thought—or of submerged truth, if you prefer it. And as usual it is a sick soul. For the novelist's special revelation—nothing so mechanical as a thesis—is of the disease, the curse, at the heart of all action, including action for righteousness.

Ideally his books are in the grand style, and they are not period by caprice. But perhaps he will never get beyond *World Enough and Time*. That was a full embodiment of the vision; and this new story, about the Civil War, is not merely imperfect—for once, it is a striving and brilliant failure. Perhaps the first blunder was to make it a woman's story. In childhood, the narrator and heroine is Amantha Starr, a Kentucky planter's adored, motherless little girl. At the age of nine she leaves Starrwood for a godly school in Ohio, and becomes a fervid young Abolitionist. Seven years later, the newspaper reports her father's death in Cincinnati, in a mistress's arms. Amantha rushes "home"—to be dragged from the graveside as a "chattel" of Aaron Pendleton Starr, deceased. He died bankrupt, and Amantha is sold away downriver. In New Orleans she becomes the property of old Hamish Bond, who has a "disease of kindness," because he started life as a slave-runner. And in a way she is happy. For she also has a disease: the disease of slavishness, with its sneaking delight in power. Finally he emancipates her; and the Federal occupation brings her a husband, an Emersonian young captain with a "disease of magnanimity." But there is no real freedom. The peace is sick; her apparent union with Tobias is sick. . . .

A "conversion" and happy ending have been tacked on, which is the last blunder. A Penn Warren theme ought not to end happily, at any rate with such sickness. And Amantha the *femme fatale* is too spindly a vehicle for the author's view of life; he would have been more at home with Tobias. But there are gleams of deep water, among the vicissitudes of her twopence-coloured and (as it is rightly called) "bizarre" story.

## OTHER FICTION.

"*The Small World*," by W. John Morgan (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), can be summed up with remarkable adequacy in four words: School of Kingsley Amis. The scene is a Welsh university town. Harvard Ifan-Jones, an aggressively gangling and gambolling young hobbledohoy, might have sat at the feet of Lucky Jim: actually he takes his cue from one Bernard Williams, who has the glamour of four years' seniority, limitless effrontery and a working-class background. Whereas Harvard is a nephew of the local big cheese, went to a public school, and is ashamed of it. However, he has forsworn his uncle, and prances around in Bernard's wake, starrily denouncing the wickedness of the rich. Till one painful day it bursts on him that his idol is not (as he had always assumed) a crypto-idealist, but a machiavellian climber using him as a leg-up. I have only exaggerated the theme in relation to the clowning and custard-pie throwing. This last is not quite as funny as in "*Mr. Amis*," and the compensating humanity is more gauche. But there is a lot of vitality.

"*The Sullen Bell*," by Dan Davin (Michael Joseph; 15s.), is a mature and pensive, rather musical story, with more feeling than excitement. It presents a group of New Zealanders living in London soon after the last war. Not all these expatriates are of the same vintage. There are some old-timers. There is a young, ex-army contingent. And there are revenants like Hugh, on compassionate leave from his university after his wife's death. Almost everyone has a sense of bereavement and time past, if only for lack of the war, which provides a nostalgic second atmosphere. And their reactions yield enough incident, and very good conversation. But what matters most is the tone, and the unusual, subtly sympathetic New Zealand angle.

"*A Cold Coming*," by Mary Kelly (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), is a thriller featuring two students at Edinburgh University, who are both opera-fans. Even in term-time, they can't bear to miss Enrica Valletti at Covent Garden; and being hard up, they decide to lodge at a cold-cure research establishment in Sussex. For the same reason, they always lorry-jump. On the way back, however, unsuspected events at Thatchells get them a surprise lift in a black Bentley—from which they awake separated, kidnapped, and they don't know where. . . . This is a first book—ample, very promising, and eager to be a "real story." Perhaps too eager; I don't care for police inspectors with spiritual yearnings and conjugalities. But the dreamy, socially inferior, pathetic Alec is as nice as can be.

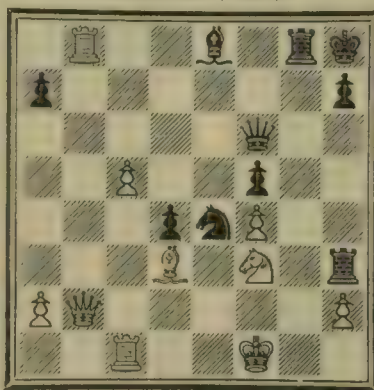
## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IF I give, once again, an episode from one of my own games this week, I feel that the delightfully interesting positions I have been getting amply excuses me.

Look at this position, which I reached against the Austrian player Schwinner in the tournament at San Benedetto, Italy, from which I have just returned:

SCHWINNER (Black).



Wood (White).

Here I played

33. B×Kt P×B

My 33. B×Kt looks like *hara-kiri*; is not so dangerous as it looks, but slightly more dangerous than I thought. My knight is now attacked, and, when it moves, Black can play . . . Q×Pch.

34. Kt×P!!

Now, the answer to 34. . . . Q×Pch would be 35. Kt-B3 discovering check. To interpose the queen would lose it, and 35. . . . R-Kt2; 36. R×Bch would be just as catastrophic.

Moreover, the move has constructive merit, as any nondescript reply would be met by 35. Kt-K2 (or even K6) protecting the attacked bishop's pawn and pinning Black's queen.

To the rather wild 34. . . . B-Kt4ch there is one reply only; 35. R×B; but it is more than adequate.

34. . . . R×P!!

Black is not to be outdone.

35. Q×R

I had not much time to spare, having devoted a lot to 33. B×Kt and 34. Kt×P; and I played this with little hesitation.

35. . . . Q×Kt

The more I examined this position, the less I liked it. Consider some plausible replies:

36. Q-K2?? R-Kt8 mate.

36. Q-QKt2? R-Kt8ch; 37. K-K2, R-Kt7ch; and 38. . . . R×Q.

36. P-B6, Q-Q6ch; 37. K-K1 (37. K-B2, Q-Q7ch loses the queen; so does 37. Q-K2, R-Kt8ch; 38. K-B2, R-Kt7ch!), Q-K6ch; 38. K-Q1, R-Kt8ch, etc.

36. R×B

The only move I could find to save the game. If now 36. . . . Q-Q6ch; 37. Q-K2 and Black cannot play 37. . . . R-Kt8ch because his rook is pinned.

36. . . . R×R

37. Q-QB2 R-KB1

38. Q-B3 R×Pch

39. K-K1 Q×Qch

40. R×Q R-B1

And after a few more moves, the game was drawn (I soon captured the KP, but with careful defence Schwinner easily held the game).

## BEHIND THE SCENES, 1939-'45; LEGAL AND POLICE HISTORY.

GENERAL SIR LESLIE HOLLIS was one of the privileged band of Sir Winston Churchill's close collaborators during the last war. He joined the Marines in the First War (he finished his career as Commandant-General of that remarkable corps), but after some varied service, was persuaded by the future Lord Hankey, in 1936, to join him in the Secretariat of the Imperial Defence Committee. From then on he became an increasingly important staff officer at the very heart of great affairs. In addition to being General Ismay's deputy (as Chief Staff Officer to the Prime Minister as Minister of Defence), he was given secretarial charge of the Defence Secretariat, which consisted of the Chiefs of Staff Committee and the Joint Planning and Joint

Intelligence Sub-Committee—no small assignment. But this, as anyone connected with the War Cabinet offices during Sir Winston's wartime Premiership would agree, is to understate. One distinguished member of his entourage who was also an old personal friend, asked Sir Winston on appointment in 1940, what exactly his position was. "Somewhere," came the reply, "between a Minister without Portfolio and a dog's body." All those around Sir Winston were expected to work incredible hours, seven days a week, and be on call at any hour of the day or night—this without the advantage of Sir Winston's invariable habit of an afternoon siesta. General Hollis admirably recaptures the spirit and tension of that time in his autobiography "*One Marine's Tale*" (Deutsch; 15s.). This particular Marine, however, is objective—sometimes to the point of being disappointing. Those who know him and his lively personality will be sorry that he has been so un-self-regarding. There is so little about "Jo" Hollis in the story. And nothing like as much about Sir Winston as one could have wished. I was delighted, however, with the true story he told Sir Winston about the eighteen-year-old Marine who, after the briefest of training, was posted to a jungle commando unit in Burma. Every member of the patrol was told that, should he get cut off, he was to make his way back to "headquarters." In confused fighting, this Marine was cut off. Six months later an astonished sergeant of the guard at the Royal Marine Barracks at Plymouth was confronted by a tattered and emaciated Marine who was reporting for duty. The only "headquarters" he knew of were Plymouth Barracks where he had been trained. Somehow he had made his way through hundreds of miles of jungle, found a boat, and after weeks of privation reached East Africa, and, without papers of any sort, had got himself home. General Hollis told this to the Prime Minister, thinking that he would be impressed by such tenacity in obeying orders. Not a bit of it. After a pause, Mr. Churchill said: "I do not think much of your story: the man turned his back on the enemy." The tale told by the book is, as I say, unadorned, but it nevertheless makes most interesting and satisfying reading.

It is also interesting that neither General Hollis nor Captain Cyril Falls—who contributes a Foreword to "*The Fatal Decisions—Six Decisive Battles of the Second World War from the Viewpoint of the Vanquished*" (Michael Joseph; 25s.)—accepts the German theory that Hitler saved the B.E.F. by ordering the German armour to halt on the perimeter of Dunkirk. General Hollis takes the view that the failure of the Germans to finish the B.E.F. was due to their inexperience of sea power. Having pinned the British and French forces against the coast, they felt they could finish the job at leisure—reckoning without "the little ships." Captain Cyril Falls in effect supports this view, believing that the Germans wanted to rest their armour for the major task of finishing off the French armies in the south. The writers are General Werner Kreipe on the Battle of Britain, General Günther Blumentritt on Moscow, General Fritz Bayerlein on Alamein, Colonel-General Kurt Zeitzler on Stalingrad, Lieut.-General Bodo Zimmerman on the battle for France in 1944, and General Hasso von Manteuffel on the Ardennes battle, that extraordinary last flare-up of the offensive power of the German Army which, for a time, looked so dangerous. General Westphal provides an admirable connecting commentary. It is interesting to see how the picture looked "on the other side of the hill," and sobering to think of the occasions when the allies were saved as much by the mistakes of their enemies

as by their own virtues.

Lord Russell of Liverpool, who resigned his post as Assistant Judge Advocate-General as a counter protest to the criticisms in official quarters of his book "*The Scourge of the Swastika*," shows once more in "*Though the Heavens Fall*" (Cassell; 18s.) that he is as lively a writer as he was an Advocate. This latest book of his deals with a number of *causes célèbres* during the past 200 years of which I for one can never read enough—especially when they are so attractively presented.

"*The Rise of Scotland Yard—A History of the Metropolitan Police*," by Douglas G. Browne (Harrap; 25s.), should find a ready sale. At a time when the undermanned and hardly pressed Metropolitan Police are the subject of a certain amount of ill-informed criticism, this excellent history of an admirable force and a great institution is timely. I warmly recommend it.

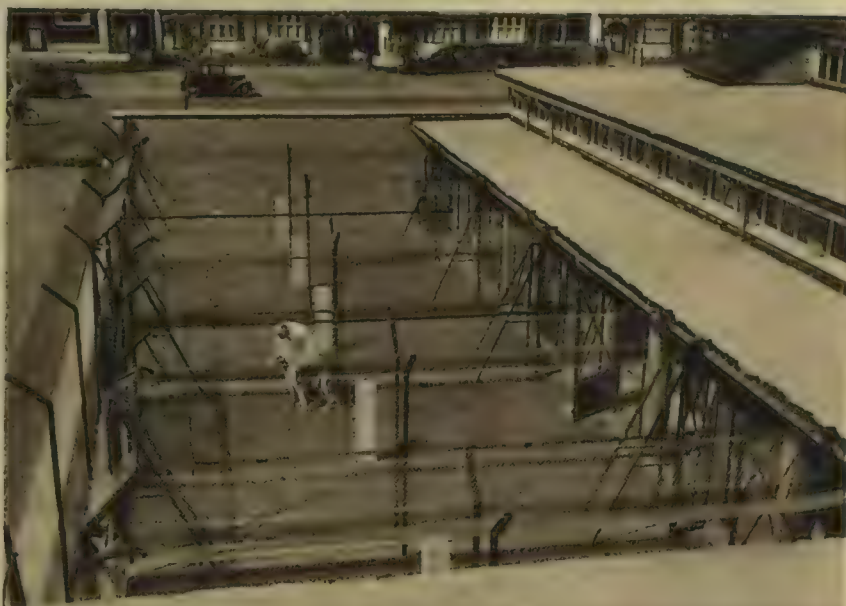
E. D. O'BRIEN.



## CARING FOR ANIMALS AT LONDON AIRPORT: THE R.S.P.C.A. HOSTEL.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE R.S.P.C.A. HOSTEL AT LONDON AIRPORT, WHERE EVERY YEAR HALF A MILLION ANIMALS IN TRANSIT ARE CARED FOR.



THE MODERN KENNELS. ALTOGETHER THE HOSTEL COST OVER £20,000 OF THE SOCIETY'S VOLUNTARILY CONTRIBUTED FUNDS.



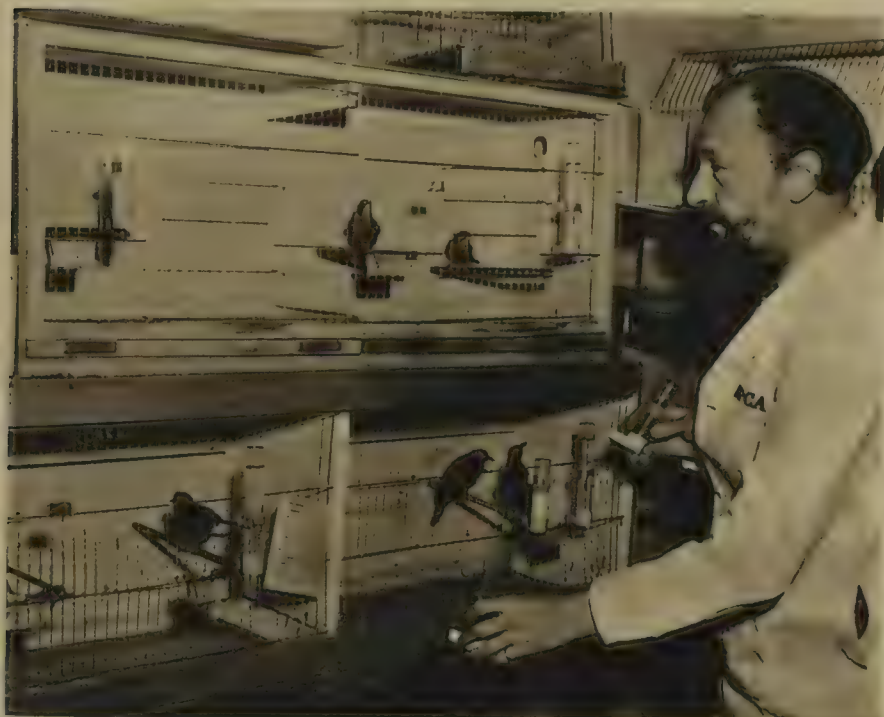
A SQUIRREL MONKEY BEING FED WITH A BANANA. FOODS TO SUIT ALL ANIMAL TASTES ARE STOCKED IN THE HOSTEL LARDERS.



JUST WHAT THE VET. ORDERED: MEDICINE, PRESCRIBED BY A VETERINARY SURGEON, BEING FED TO TWO AFRICAN GREY PARROTS.



THE RESIDENT MANAGER GIVING FIRST AID TO AN ANT-EATER. AN R.S.P.C.A. VETERINARY SURGEON SUPERVISES THIS SIDE OF THE HOSTEL'S WORK.



THE ASSISTANT MANAGER FEEDING NECTAR, ONE OF MANY FOODS WHICH ARE STOCKED, TO INDIAN FRUIT SUCKERS, SHAMAS AND MINIVETS.

The R.S.P.C.A. Hostel at London Airport, which was opened in 1952, is proving a valuable extension to the many other useful and humane activities of the Society. The Hostel consists of accommodation, some of it for quarantine purposes, for animals from all climates and of all sorts; a large and very varied larder of food for animals, and veterinary staff and equipment. It is open



TWO AGOUTIS ENJOYING THE HOSTEL'S HOSPITALITY: GUESTS VARY FROM THE VERY SMALL TO ELEPHANTS, AND FROM PETS TO POISONOUS SNAKES.

at all hours, and last year looked after nearly half a million animal guests. Nearly one-fifth of these were monkeys, many of which were to be live "guinea-pigs" in scientific experiments in Europe or the United States. The Society sweepingly condemns these experiments as "an evil that masquerades under the name of science"; they are, however, legal.



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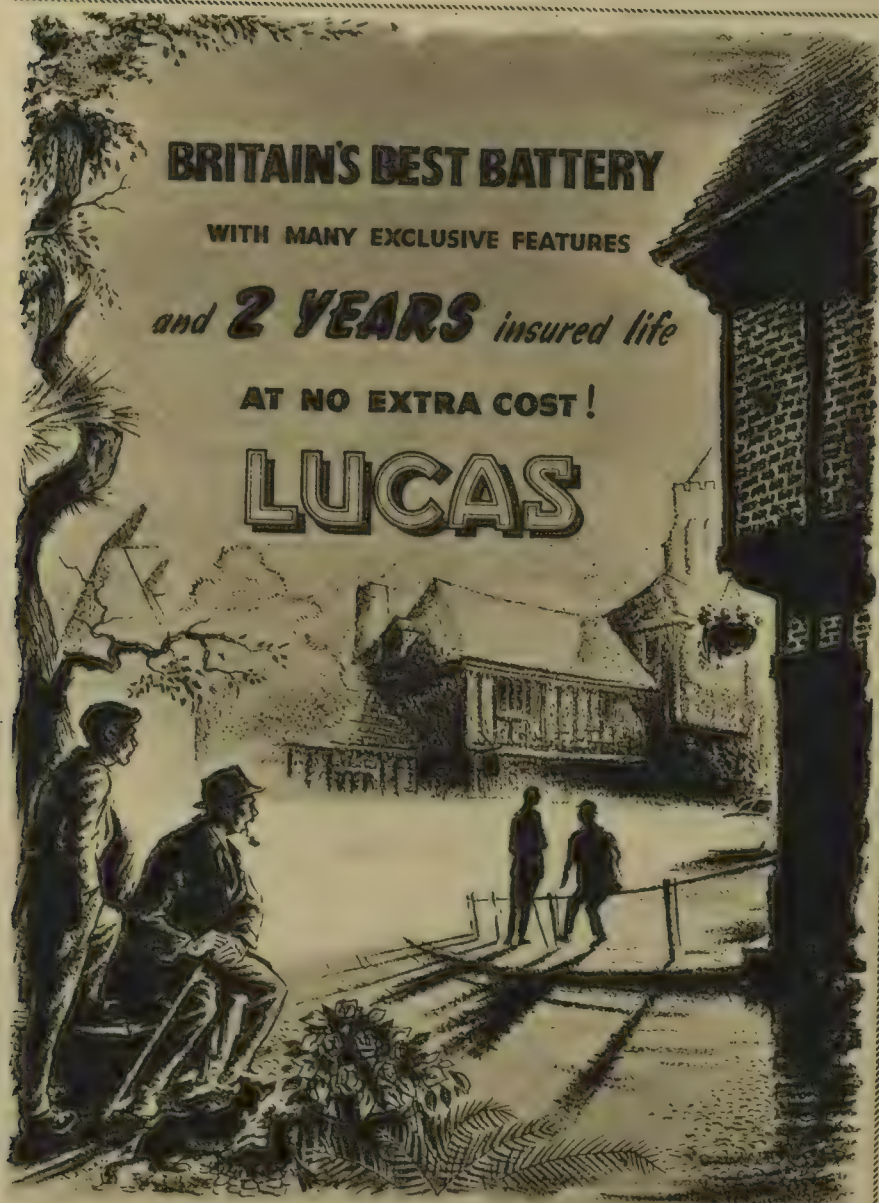
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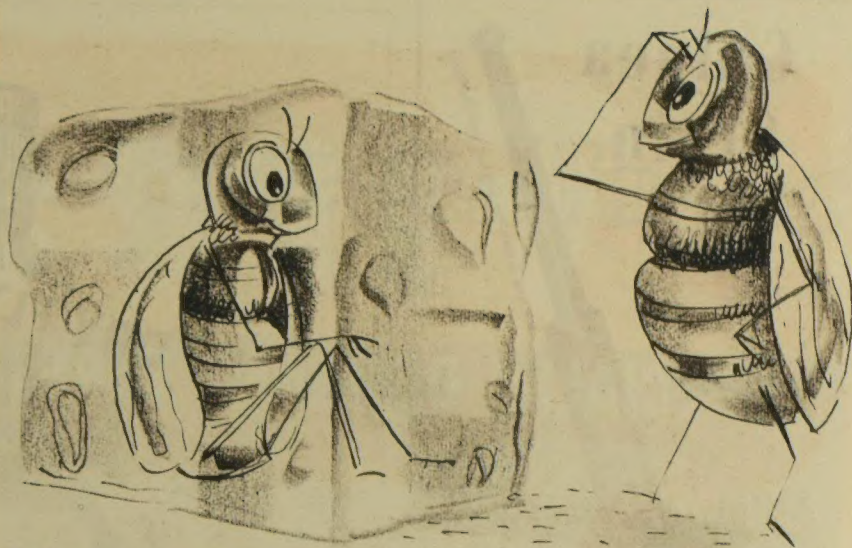


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# Shell Nature Studies 20 Bees & Wasps

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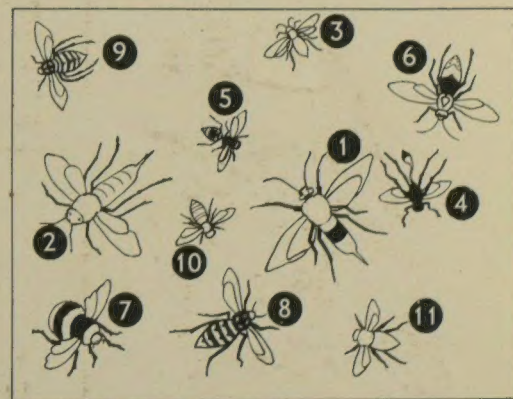


Britain has nearly 80 kinds of wasp and nearly 250 kinds of bee. Few of them sting human beings. The GREAT WOOD HORNTAIL (1) and the BLUE WOOD HORNTAIL (2) use their needles only for inserting eggs in trees. The pretty RUBY-TAILED WASP (3), the SAND WASP of the dunes (4) and the DIGGER WASP (5) do sting but not very often.

These first five are solitary insects. Like the 'marmalade wasps' and the Honey Bee, both the uncommon HORNET (6) and the Bumble Bees, such as the BUFF-TAILED BUMBLE BEE (7), form societies with queen, workers and drones. Hornets have a sting, but seldom, if ever, use it on man.

As for nests, Hornets like to build in hollow trees. The underground nests will belong to the wasps on the marmalade, which will be the COMMON WASP (8, worker; 9, queen) or the similar German Wasp, though the German Wasp may also build above ground. Nests hung low on bushes belong to the Norwegian Wasp, nests higher up on trees to the Tree Wasp. Honey Bees are not wild in Britain, though swarms may escape. Our locally developed hive-race is the brown BRITISH BEE (10, worker; 11, queen).

For scale, the HORNET (6) is about an inch long in nature.



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The Key to the Countryside

Shell's monthly "Nature Studies: Birds and Beasts", which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form by Phoenix House Limited at 7s. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside" is still available at 7s. On sale at booksellers.



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Derived from the age-old pagan practice of propitiating the gods when entering the unknown, this ceremony differs in detail from ship to ship, but has certain common essentials.

At the appropriate time King Neptune and his Queen Amphitrite, together with their strange court of policemen, bears, judge, doctor and barber, "come aboard" and hold a trial of the neophyte sailors. Confronted with some dreadful "crime"—and no man, however senior, is ever innocent—the accused must plead guilty and accept punishment of the court. They are lathered and shaved, given a "pill" and tipped backwards into the bathing pool to be rinsed in a true naval ducking.

